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Vol. I. MARCH, 1857. No. I.

CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

THE WEST AS IT IS;

ILLUSTRATED

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JOHN GAGER & CO.
FOR
CHICAGO MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
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CONTENTS

OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY	9
HISTORY OF CHICAGO	11
POETRY—The Drop of Dew	29
BIOGRAPHIES—Hon. Wm. B. Ogden	31
—Wm. H. Brown, Esq.	37
—J. Young Scammon, Esq.	43
—Charles Walker, Esq.	51
MISCELLANY—The Astrologer	55
—The Salt Lake Valley	59
—Getting Ahead	63
—A Trip to Lake Superior	68
HISTORY OF BELOIT	74
The Oceanic Telegraph,	80
HUMOROUS—The First Locomotive	84
MONTHLY RECORD	89
Literary Notices	90
Commercial Article	94
ILLUSTRATIONS—Chicago Illustrated,	1—8
—Illuminated Page	11
—Rock Fort, Ottawa	21
—Old Fort Dearborn	24
—The Old Kinzie House	28
—Straits of Mackinaw	68
—Sault St. Mary	69
—Eagle Harbor	70
—Fort Wilkins	71
—Cliff Mine	72
—Beloit, Wis.	73
—Dubuque, Iowa, *inside cover.*	
PORTRAITS—Hon. Wm. B. Ogden	30
—Wm. H. Brown, Esq.	36
—J. Y. Scammon, Esq.	42
—Charles Walker, Esq.	50
ADVERTISEMENTS	—

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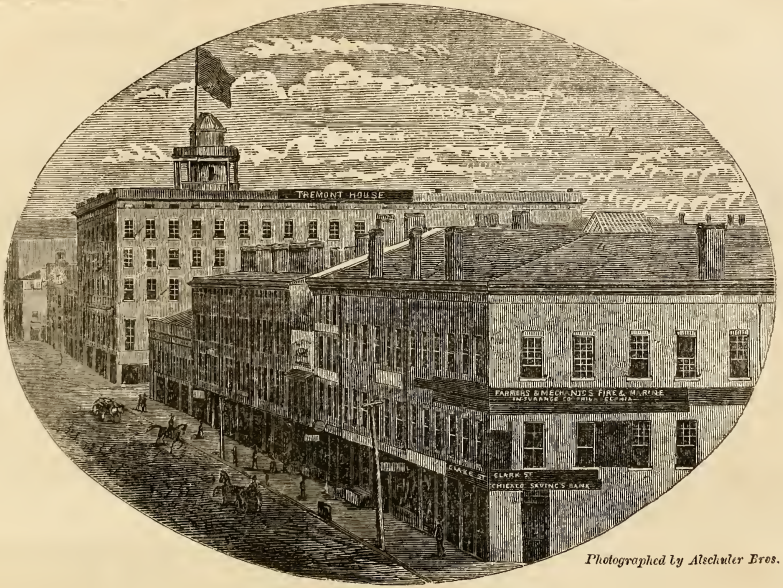

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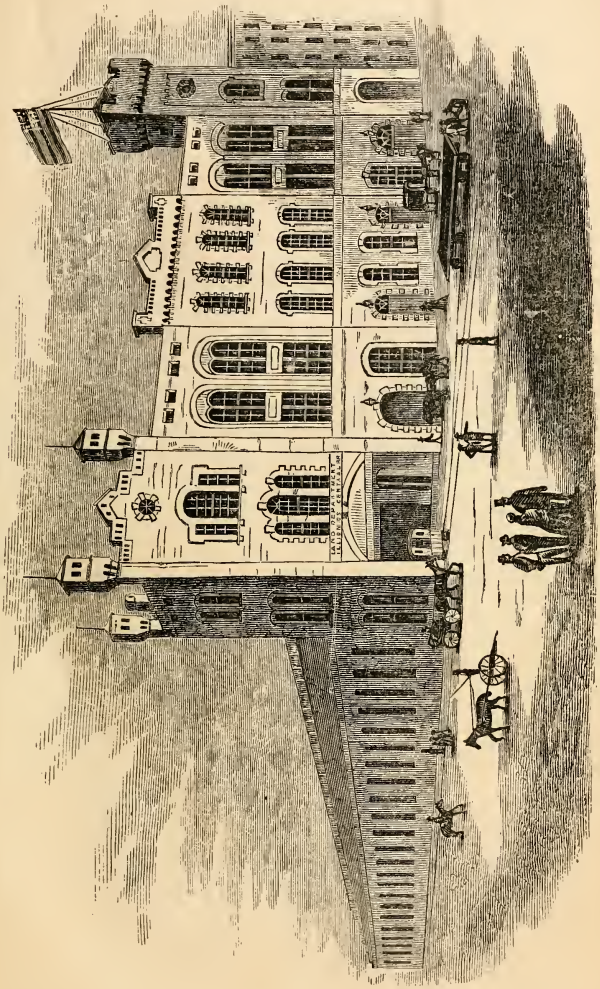

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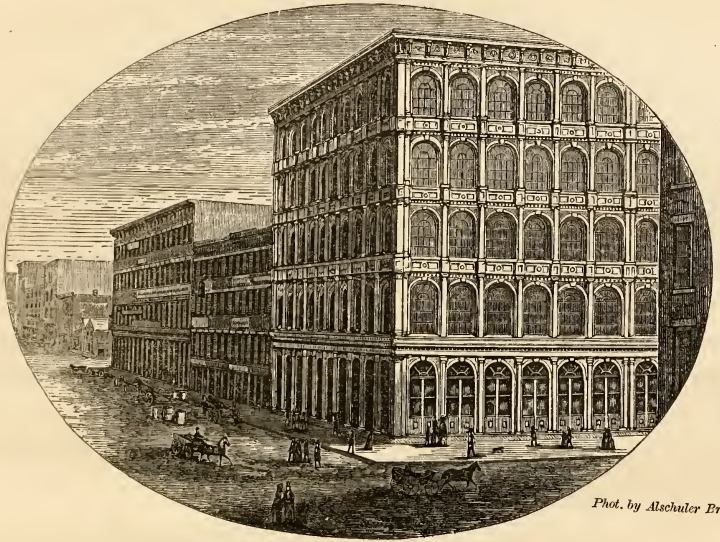

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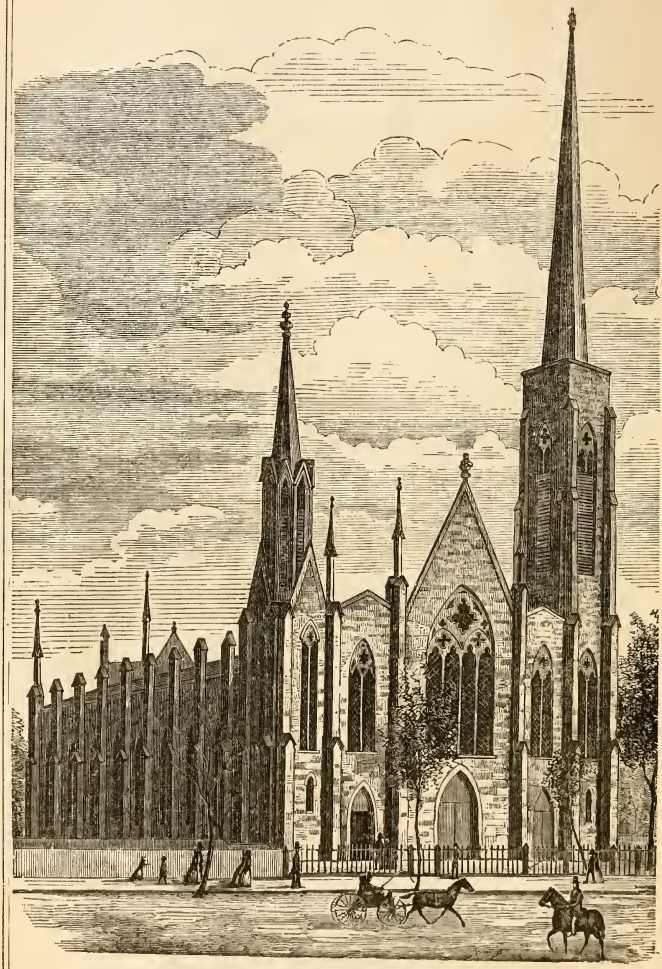
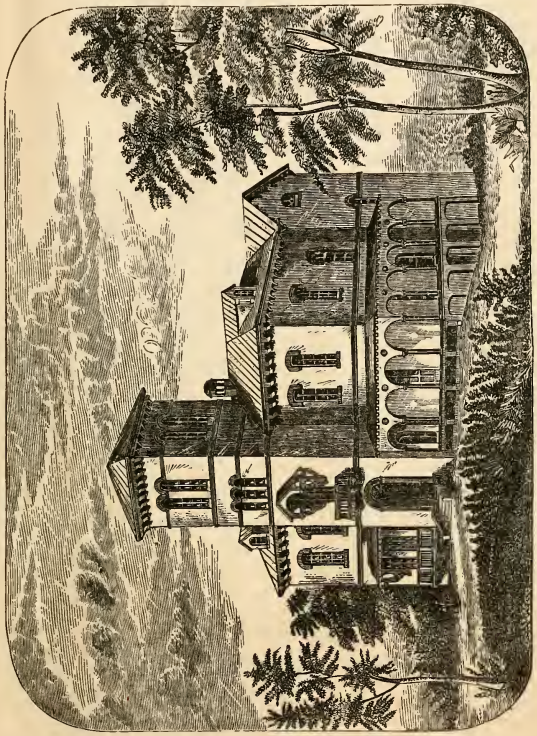
SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO, FROM WELLS TO LA SALLE STS.
(*The Iron Building, erected in '56, by A. Robbins, Esq., in the foreground.*)

CHICAGO IN 1820.

FROM AN OLD VIEW.



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—ERECTED IN 1852.
Corner of Wabash Avenue and Washington Streets.



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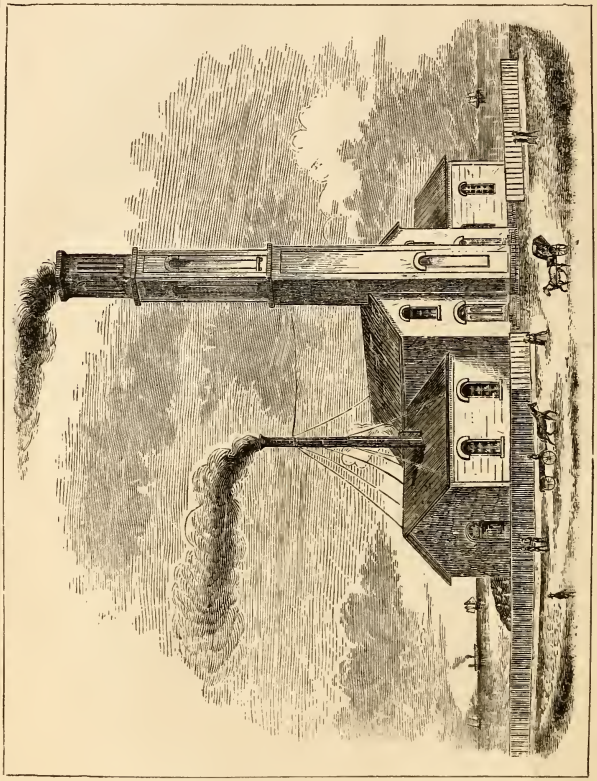
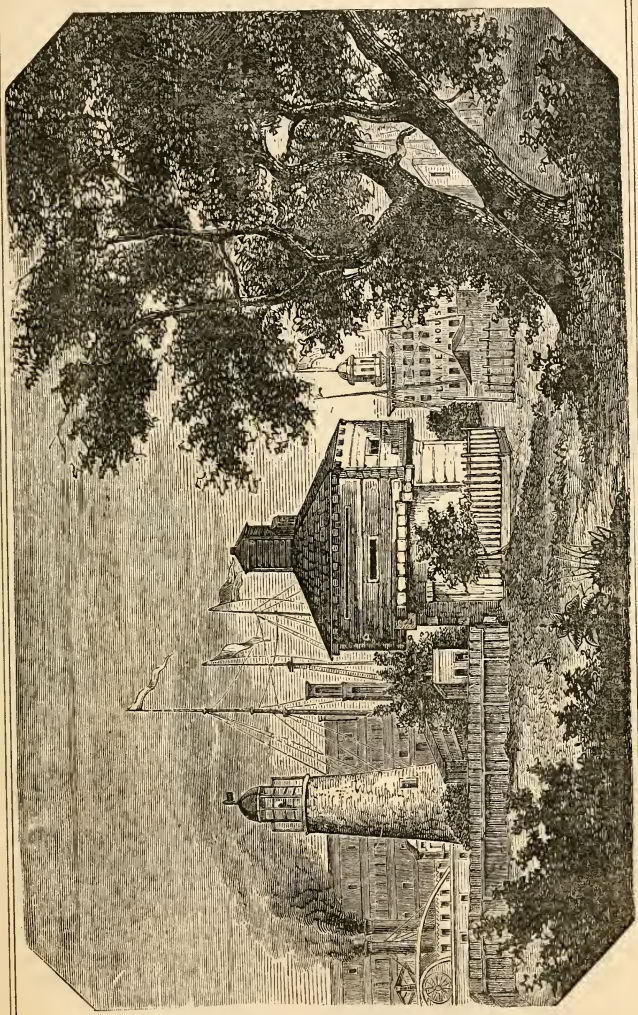


CHICAGO WATER WORKS.

No better water can be found than that with which our City is constantly supplied. It is taken from Lake Michigan, at the foot of Chicago Avenue.

The Water Works buildings are constructed of brick masonry, in the modern Italian style. The main building is fifty-four feet front, and 34 feet deep, with a wing on either side—each 40 feet front, and 34 deep.



THE BLOCK HOUSE, FORT DEARBORN.
(*Torn down in* 1856.)

CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

The West as it is.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1857. NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Association in whose name this Magazine is published, have undertaken this work, they trust, with a consciousness of its responsibilities and the difficulties that must be encountered. But the self-evident importance of a publication of this kind, is their justification, and their reliance for the support that will be needed for its continuance.

We are conscious that the world is full of Magazines, and various periodical publications, enlisted for the advocacy of every department of human knowledge and human progress; that there are a number of very valuable and popular monthlies, which flow into every ramification of society, forming an apparent monopoly of magazinedom, so that, it would seem, there is not room enough even for one more in the world's literary omnibus. Well, if it be so, we are content to take an outside passage, for we belong to that particular genus of enterprises that likes an open sea of experiment—an open range, with vision unchecked, in a pure outside atmosphere. Like the outside rider, on the slow coach of exploration over our new western regions, in days not long gone, we are conscious of our position; that we are in a great country, where there is room enough for all, the largest liberty for every body, and every thing, with a fair chance of success to all; and in the characteristic Western phrase, "the largest number of persimmons to the longest pole."

Our title sets forth that this is to be a Chicago Magazine, and that it is to portray the West as it is. There is a concentration of glorious destiny in a happy baptism. No genius wearing the cognomen of Scroggs, can ever bear the standard of pre-eminence in this age; and John Smith, we will warrant, though he may help to fill the police reports, and may ascend to the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, will never be President of the United States; and Laura Matilda is hopelessly environed in her sphere of the sentimental novel. If we have attained the true region of manhood in the selection of our title, we shall consider our christening propitious, and an assurance that the battle is half won. We believe failure was never yet wedded to Chicago. And the Chicago Magazine has a ring of vitality about it, which will distinguish it from all soft metal—has a pre-ordained character of respectability, and a guarantee of success—while Literary Magazine, or even Western Magazine, will go quietly to the death-bed of indifference. The West as it is, is a pass word that will go like the electric chain of thought from one end of the Union to the other. "Chicago" and the "West as it is," have become national, whatever may be the conclusions of philosophers in regard to the character of political parties.

We propose to fill these pages with such matter in the aggregate as will make this

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publication a Chicago-Western Magazine. We shall infuse into it those elements of character that will make it known as a product of this locality. We shall aim to make it a *vade-mecum* between the West and the East—a go-between, carrying to the men of the East, a true picture of the West, which will satisfy their desire for information on the great topics connected with this part of their common country. We therefore bespeak for our work, a place in the Eastern market, and some offset there to the competition we must meet with in the circulation of Eastern periodicals in the Western field. The West will learn to patronize this monthly for the love of its own ideas;—the East will read it to get that knowledge of us, which they cannot get from any other source.

The first great department of our work is therefore to portray and illustrate the West. We shall gather every month, from the thousand objects of interest in its past history, present growth, future promises, and in its natural scenery, subjects for these illustrations. Some one or more important town will be daguerreotyped monthly in features, and recorded in history upon our pages.

The Historical part of the work is a leading one. We have opened in this number the first pages of Chicago history. This will be continued till the picture is filled up, ground-work, outline, principal figures, minute detail, the horizon and landscape in the distance, and the over-arching of its glorious future. Every town and locality has its unwritten history. The time has come, is rapidly passing, when this history should be made up, and recorded; before the men now living, in whose memory it is treasured, shall die, and the record perish. It is one of the objects of this Magazine to preserve these unwritten histories.

The commerce of the West is becoming the controlling power of the nation. We shall speak for that commerce all that an enlarged support from that money-power will enable us to speak. According as we shall thus be made able to do, we shall post up the Great Ledgers of Trade and Finance of the West, and transcribe for constant use its Day Book of transactions.

The Railroad enterprises of the West, are the main-springs of its progress. Into our record of Improvements they must therefore enter largely. We have it in our purpose, if our Railroad companies will grant us the facilities, to give the history of each, with illustrations and views of all the important towns and places of interest on their respective lines. The information that we shall be enabled to give in this connection, and in regard to the advantages of settlement, will be of great value to the Emigrant. All people in the East who expect to make homes in the West, and those who already have friends in those homes, now made and making, will be profited readers of this Magazine.

This publication is issued by a professedly Mechanical Institution. An institution of this kind in this fast and expansive country, is homogeneous with every progressive idea. It is not out of the line of its privileges, when it becomes the sponsor of a work of the amplified character of this periodical. We have already, by natural affinity, the sympathy of all the mechanical classes. No one comprehends the vastness of the mechanical enterprises which have grown up within a few years in the West—those of Chicago being the prototype of all. The mechanical establishments, improvements in their various branches, inventions in new machines, and devices to secure to man a complete control of all the physical powers of nature—will receive marked attention and be amply illustrated in our pages.

We have not room, in the limits of an introductory, to particularize the features of this Magazine. Indeed, we know not to what length, or extent, or in what direction we shall be called to go. We have a distinct plan in our minds, set forth here—the working out of that plan we shall leave for future months, with the full conviction that if we can push ourselves forward far enough to get the eye and the ear of the public, we shall be understood, and shall receive such a recognition as we shall merit.

HISTORY OF CHICAGO.

PART 1.—ANTECEDENT.

WE have undertaken the task of writing the History of Chicago. This history must be, in the main, a narrative of events which have transpired within the memory of the present generation. It will be the history of one of the most remarkable facts in the growth of communities, which our nation, perhaps the world, furnishes. It will be a history without antiquity, and will therefore require no searching into the records and delving into the mysteries of by-gone and nearly forgotten times. The past is only shadowed forth upon its pages—a back ground of a living picture of the works of living men. We have men among us whom we shall consult for the purpose of making up the material of this history, who have seen all that there is of Chicago, from the first rude huts, to its present princely palaces. There are men among us, whose energy is helping to-day to swell that tide of business which

is the astonishment of every new beholder; who trafficked with the Indians when they were the chief customers of the Chicago trader; who afterwards supplied the first white settlers with the common necessaries of life,—having progressed with Chicago, and grown with its growth, from the insignificant demands of a border village, to the magnitude and the commerce of a great city. We have men, too, who suggested the first ideas of progress and improvement, in the infancy of the city, which have, from their magnitude, become the wonder of all the world; and their mature energy is now pushing on those plans of improvement farther and farther in the career of success. From the recollection and experience of men like these we shall be able to draw resources for making up the history of Chicago, portraying it as it has been, and as it now is.

But though the History of Chicago, as a place and City, must date within the memory of men now living, it has nevertheless an antecedent history, which has a peculiar interest, as the foreshadowing events of a future greatness, of which they were the germ. The men whose personal identity is merged in the growth of Chicago, must be tolerated in the frailty of cherishing the highest regard for the minutest details of its past. But they are not alone the people who have a lively interest in all these details. As this city has become more widely known, from its commercial character, and its commanding and central position in a wide expanse of country, which has changed with marvelous rapidity from an uncultivated state to the condition of a populous region,—a desire must be everywhere present to learn the story of its progress, at every step, from its earliest days, onward.

In laying out before us our task, to make our sketch complete, we propose to trace the wandering steps of the native Indian upon this soil, and to note also the first impressions of the civilized white race, as devoted missionaries "to save the souls of men," or as traders, seeking their own good through gain. This is the antecedent history, which will be valued for its own sake, as well as the proper basis for a complete history of our enterprising city. While it is confessed that our citizens are not admirers of relics, and are emphatically men of the present, yet they feel more than a common interest in all the remembrances that encircle the enthusiastic Jesuit missionary in his wanderings here to and fro, and in his efforts to plant in this region the first germs of civilization and Christianity. They love also to cherish the recollection of the Indians, as the original occupants of this soil; and in all that they were, and in all that they did, they feel a deep interest. They contrast in their own minds the change which a few brief years have made, since the Indians built their wigwams on the prairies where our streets now run, and the princely homes of our people rise in their stead; for it seems that the echo of their measured footsteps, and the sound of their paddles in our river and lake, have but just died away. And never a year passes over now, but some of the remnants of the tribes who wandered here but a generation ago, come back to visit what was once the home of their childhood; and they go about our streets with heedless step, followed by the eyes of the curious, indifferently noting our land-marks of progress, much as if one were seeking among the cities of the dead the graves of his ancestors.

In the execution of our task, we propose then to speak of the ANTECEDENTS of Chicago, which will relate to the times when the Indians were the lords of its soil, and the time when the French *voyageurs* and missionaries traveled our prairies and on our brief river, and when they essayed to teach the natives Christianity and its duties, civilization and its arts. This will include a recital of the events which preceded the occupation of Chicago by permanent settlers. We shall then proceed to the work of portraying CHICAGO AS IT WAS, when the settlement was first commenced, when population increased, when improvements began to be made, when it assumed the position of an important city; and thus continue a panorama of its wonderful progress. And our task will be completed, when, in contrast with what it has been from time to time, we shall have drawn a faithful picture of CHICAGO AS IT IS, gilded with all its bright promises of the future.

At the period in the history of the discovery and settlement of this continent, when the English were taking possession of the Atlantic coast, from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, the Puritans monopolizing the rock-bound coast of New England; and when the Spanish were establishing their claims and settlements on the coast of Florida, through the Gulf of Mexico, and in Central America,—the French were extending their colonies up the valley of the St. Lawrence, and pushing their discoveries into the heart of North America by the great Lakes, and over the valley of the Mississippi. The English colonies had made but little progress inland, and had only founded settlements at several points along the course of the largest rivers of the eastern coast; when French zeal for the propagation of the Catholic faith, and French enterprise in exploration and discovery, and in enlargement of empire, had made them familiar with the great central lakes, and the great rivers which drain the interior of the continent. Niagara had not been reached by the Dutch explorers, over the land covered by their own grants, ere the French had discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, given it a name after one of their own patron saints, and jotted it down on their rude maps. The English had hardly reached the fishing stations of the Connecticut and the Merrimac, in their line of continual progress, when the French were sailing on the waters of Lake Superior, and regaling themselves with its delicious whitefish and trout. And while Eliot was preaching his first sermons to the Narragansetts, seven miles from Boston, the Jesuit missionaries were indoctrinating the Ottawas and Chippewas at the Falls of Lake Superior. During the same period, the Spanish had possession of the coast of Florida, and had already founded empires in the West Indies and Mexico. But English colonization seemed not so rapid and diffuse, and contended against more vigorous obstacles in nature, yet had in it more of the elements of strength and ultimate prosperity—and proved in the end the adage, that the race is not always to the swift. This view of facts teaches us, that though this section of country is now more than of anything else the off-shoot of the Puritan ideas, and we are accustomed to trace all our beginnings in national existence, and all our good things in the constitution of society to this original stock, yet here, in the very first things of our history we are out of the Puritan jurisdiction. The first explorers of Lake Michigan, the first white men to pitch their tents on the Chicago prairie, and to haul up their boats upon our river banks and lake shore, were the French Jesuit missionaries and fur trade adventurers. And this they were doing while New England colonies were being planted, while Cotton Mather was persecuting witches and Quakers in Boston, and teaching the true elements of popular civil government, and William Penn was inculcating his peace principles upon the Delaware Indians.

Thus on this continent was sustained the rivalry of the three great nations of Europe in possessing the lands of the native Indian. The commerce with the East Indies, which had been successfully carried on by the English and the Dutch, excited also the avarice of other nations, stimulating them to compete for the trade in that direction which had been monopolized by the former. One of the great impulses which had led the French to extend their discoveries into the far West was, therefore, the same as that which led Columbus to undertake his first voyage of discovery, namely, a shorter passage to the East Indies. The French were the first to gain a knowledge of the great Lakes, as their enterprise had first possessed their outlet, the St. Lawrence. Vague rumors, through intercourse with the natives, had given them some indefinite knowledge of a great river, far in the West; and through these lakes and this great unknown river they anxiously expected to find a navigable water course across the continent, which would open a shorter route to the trade of China and the Indies which might be monopolized by themselves. So strongly had this conviction fastened itself upon their minds, that many names given to their oldest towns were borrowed from those of China. In pursuit of this phantom, as well as by the zeal to extend the true faith by the Jesuits, was Lake Superior, to its farthest extremity, made known to the French, before Lake Michigan was explored south of Green Bay.

Another motive which governed the French in pushing their explorations in the West, was the desire for extension of empire in the New World. Louis XIV. was on the throne of France, the king who had sought the glory of his nation by the extension of power, and gained among his subjects the sobriquet of the "Grande Monarque." While flattering his subjects at home with the incipient Napoleonic ideas of supreme jurisdiction in Europe, his admirers and satellites in the New World sought his special favor by like schemes of French supremacy and empire on the Western continent. By a right, recognized by the law of nations, the discovery of a river gave to the discoverer the right of jurisdiction to the territory drained by that river and its branches. Therefore, by this law, the discovery of the Mississippi from its head waters, by their explorations from the North-West to its mouth, the French claimed and maintained possession of the Father of Waters, and the immense valley watered by the thousand streams flowing into it. For the promotion of this plan of extension of empire, as we shall see farther along in this brief sketch, a line of military posts and settlements, interspersed with mission stations, was established from Quebec, along the shores of the lakes, along the course of the upper rivers of the Mississippi, and extending to the mouth of that river, encircling all the colonies of the English upon the Atlantic shore. Soon this scheme of colonial extension excited the jealousy and suspicion of other colonies, as well as national antipathies, involving colonists and Indian tribes in a prolonged border warfare, continuing at intervals for a century; until finally settled by the complete extinction of the French title to all the territory in Canada and the North West, east of the Mississippi, and its annexation to the British possessions;—a turn in the tide of affairs in the New World, which shaped its ends evidently for the ushering in of the glorious destiny upon which it has more recently entered.

The various Indian tribes in the days of the French were, of course, the real occupants and owners of the soil. The number of French settlers scattered over this wide region, was comparatively few; and the number mustered into the military service was barely enough to keep up the establishment of forts; while the strength relied upon for defense, as well as the support of settlements, was borrowed from alliance with the natives; and the attaches to the Jesuits missions made up but a fair show of the native population All these classes readily mingled and amalgamated with the Indian race, so that in time they lost in a great measure their own identity, and formed another distinct class, designated at the present time as the half-breeds. It was probably in consequence of this ready assimilation, that the French settlements lost their national characteristics sooner than those of the English. The latter have ever stood out well-defined, national and peculiar, the genuine offspring of European society, while the French have either been absorbed in the native, or merged into a type different from the original stock. The same process of fading out seemed to have followed the propagation of their religious ideas by the French teachers of theology, in their application to the unmixed native race, for in shaping them to accommodate the lower tastes of the savage, they took on so much of the Indian, that the Indian predominated, and but little was left of the doctrines and practices inculcated by the earnest missionaries. On the contrary, the half-breeds seem to have been the best receivers of both the faith and civilization, taught by those missionaries.

We shall better understand the history of these times and the times which followed, by a geographical location of the Indian tribes. Those inhabiting this region, designated by names with which they are familiarly known at this day—were the Ottawas, in the northern part of the peninsula of Michigan, the Miamis, in southern Michigan and Indiana, lying around the head of Lake Michigan, and including for their northern point of possession, the territory embracing the present locality of Chicago. These were the Indians the French found here, and with whom father MARQUETTE labored; probably having at this very point, a mission station. This tribe extended around the Lake; and at St. Joseph, as is well known, was another Indian town and Jesuit mission. After the time

of the first French visits, the Pottawatomies crowded back the Miamis, and they became the Indians of Chicago. In after intercourse with the traders, up to the time of the massacre in 1812, the Pottawatomies were the native population, and were the parties to the treaty with Wayne in 1795, by which a tract of land six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago river, was ceded to the United States—the first extinction of Indian title to the land on which Chicago is built. The Illinois, the tribe from which the State has taken its name, who seem to have been a race of a higher order than the average, (the term Illinois, being translated, means emphatically *men*, or men of men,) and of whom frequent mention is made in the accounts of the Jesuits,—occupied all the territory of Illinois west of the Wabash, to a line running north-east from the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Des Moines, through the town of Ottawa, to the lake shore. Above this line were the Pottawatomies, the Sauks and Foxes, and other wandering tribes. The Winnebagoes occupied that part of what is now Wisconsin, lying along the Lake shore, including Lake Winnebago. The Menominees occupied the territory still further north, around Green Bay, and between it and Lake Superior. The Chippewas were on the south shore of Superior, west of the Menominees. The Sioux were a great and powerful tribe, of the Dahcota race, which roamed the country west and south-west of Lake Superior, in the present Territory of Minnesota.

The first knowledge we have of any white man visiting these upper Lake regions, was in 1654, when two young fur traders, from the lower Canadian settlements, smitten with the love of adventure as well as gain, joined a band of roving Indians, and in their bark canoes, followed these native wanderers five hundred leagues into the unknown West. In about two years they returned, (through the then western route to the Lakes, Ottawa river and Lake Nippissing,) accompanied by a fleet of fifty canoes, manned with five hundred natives, who were welcomed on the cliffs of St. Louis, near Montreal, by a salute of ordnance from the castle. These young men came with reports from that unknown world—of the vast Lakes of the Huron, Superior and Michigan, then seas without names—of the Indian tribes that dwelt upon their shores—of the tribes north of those Lakes, which have to this day remained excluded from intercourse with the white man—of the powerful tribe of the Sioux, who dwelt farther west—of the Foxes and Mouscatens who dwelt at the south—of the richness of this wilderness in furs and skins, —and many wonders of lands and strange people. These reports were sustained by the representation of red men and their canoes, flocking the river and thronging its shores, who had come from this far off land to solicit intercourse and commerce with the Frenchmen, and missionaries for all this boundless West to return with them. The traders, as well as the enthusiastic religionists, were eager to accept of this invitation. But the claims of the Cross seemed the stronger of the two. Old missionaries who had been in the forests of Maine, and in the wilderness of the Hurons, joined the returning convoy, with all the appurtenances of the combined enterprises of a religious establishment and a trading post; but on its return the convoy was attacked by a band of hostile Mohawks, dispersed, and some of the old missionaries killed. Undaunted still, the two strong elements of human character—the love of gain and the love of souls—lured other adventurers westward against dangers and death. Traders soon after penetrated as far as Green Bay, and two of them passed the winter of 1659 on the banks of Lake Superior, and returned to the East the next summer, as their two adventurous predecessors had done, with an escort of three hundred Indians and sixty canoes, enriched and well laden with furs and peltry. Other missionaries were inspired with the desire to carry the cross into the wilderness. Father Rene Mesnard, from a number of aspirants, was selected. He departed immediately, without preparation, as if his Master's business admitted of no delay; and as soon as the rude means of travel could convey him, he appeared upon the southern shore of Lake Superior—the first messenger of the true God in all that part of his creation. Here he remained eight

months, when, in attempting to comply with an invitation from a wandering branch of the Hurons, who had gone still farther west, to visit them, he strayed away from his canoe men at a portage, and was never after heard of; perishing, probably, while lost and wandering in the pathless wilderness.

In August, 1665, Father CLAUDE ALLOUEZ, the first successful missionary to the West, whose name must ever be remembered with reverence, departed from his retreat at Quebec, to his field of labor in the far West, by the route of the Ottawa river. He reached the rapids between Superior and Huron, at St. Marys, in September. Immediately advancing into the great Lake, which all the natives reverenced as a deity, he sailed by the bluffs of sand, and the "pictured rocks," objects which attract the attention of every modern traveler in the first part of his journey up the shore of the Lake. Proceeding through the Bay of St. Theresa—Keweenaw—vainly seeking for a "mass of pure copper," of which he had heard rumors at that early day, which more fortunate men of this generation have found—he came at length to his destination, at a village of the Chippewas, on the now Shagwanegon Bay. Here he found the Indians preparing for a war with the formidable tribe of the Sioux. In the name of his earthly king, as well as King Jesus, he commanded peace. He offered them the alliance of the French, with their friendship and commerce — promised them protection against the inroads of the Iroquois, whose warlike nature had spread terror from the seat of their power, in western New York, through all the tribes of the West; he pledged them that the common highway of communication between them and their eastern friends, along the lakes and rivers, should be kept open—swept clean of the pirates and marauding bands who invested the way for plunder or the destruction of life. He preserved the peace, and held in bonds of amity the savage communities about him. A mission was established at the Bay, where he held his principal councils. At other points on the southern shore, and at the Falls of the Straits, he would meet his new friends of the wilderness, ministering to them in spiritual things, and advising them in all temporal affairs, and assisting them in establishing trade between them and their white neighbors. Here gathered to him, from time to time, the Indians from the West, seeking his friendship and sympathy. Here came the Chippewas, pitching their tents around his chapel—abiding, for a time, and receiving instruction—and then, away to their hunts. The scattered Hurons and Ottawas sought here his protection. The Sauks and Foxes traveled here on foot, bringing their skins of deer, beaver and buffalo. From the unexplored Lake Michigan came the Winnebagoes; the Pottawatomies, and the Miamis, from the locality of Chicago, bringing him knowledge of the country from the South—and, even the peaceful and manly tribe of the Illinois, from the interior of our State, sought sympathy from this good Father ALLOUEZ, who would be a father to all his heathen children. From them he first heard of the great, green prairies, and the boundless fertile tracts of this beautiful part of the world. Says he, of this land described by the peaceful Illinois: "Their country is the best field for the Gospel. Had I leisure, I would have gone to their dwellings to see with my own eyes all the good that was told me of them." And here, too, he received the stern Sioux from the south-west of Superior, from whom he first learned the existence of the great River, the name of which he reported as "Messippi."

ALLOUEZ here resided for two years, opening the way of further discovery, and gathering, at different points, little colonies of French and Indian converts. Thus preparing the way, he gave impulse to every successful enterprise of discovery and settlement, which spread the French possessions over the West. He then returned to Quebec, to urge the prosecution of his enterprises upon the attention of his religious sympathizers at the East, and secure the influence of the Government.

Other helpers had recently arrived from France; among them, CLAUDE DABLON and JAMES MARQUETTE. These companions proceeded to the Sault Ste. Marie, being the falls between Lake Superior and Huron, and established there the Mission of St. Mary—a place yet well known, and remarkable as the rapids over which fall the outlet waters of

Superior. This was the first permanent settlement made anywhere in the regions of the Western Lakes.

The design of discovering the Mississippi, of which rumors had been gathered from the Indians, of its magnificence, and the wonders of the country bordering upon it, was avowed by MARQUETTE, in 1669. The West now began to assume a position of importance in the view of the French Ministry, for the reasons before set forth. NICOLAS PERROT was sent out as the agent of the Government in the West. He first explored Lake Michigan as far as Chicago; he and his party being the first white men who had ever beheld this locality. Soon after this expedition, in 1671, by his invitation, there was assembled a congress of all the tribes of the North-Western Indians, at the settlement of St.Mary's. In ceremonies impressive and appropriate to the savage mind, PERROT took formal possession of all the North-West, from the head waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, in the name of the Government he represented, and assured the natives of their being placed under the protection of the French king. The country was explored and missions and settlements established by ALLOUEZ, DABLON, MARQUETTE, and their associates, at Manitou Islands, Mackinaw, Green Bay, at the mouth of the Fox on Lake Winnebago, at Milwaukee, and many other points.

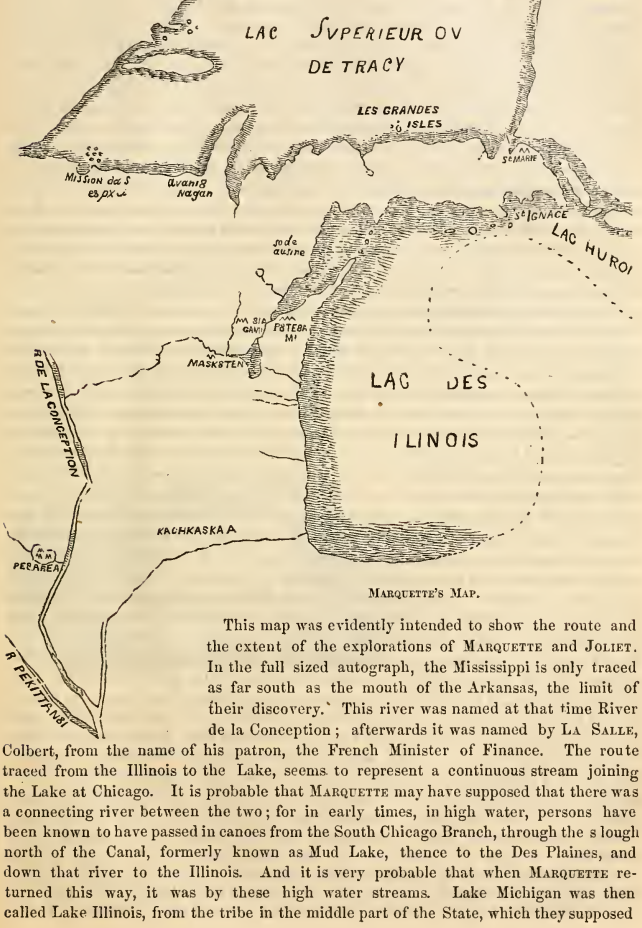
The project of the discovery of the Mississippi was then, in 1673, entered upon in earnest by MARQUETTE, having been joined by JOLIET, a gentleman from Quebec, first heard of in connection with this expedition. His scheme had been favored by TALON, the Intendant of New France, the name by which Canada was then known. The friendly Indians spoke with alarm of the intended expedition, declaring "that the river abounded in monsters that would devour both men and canoes, that excessive heats pervaded it which would cause sure death, that the natives dwelling upon its shores were cruel and terrible, and killed all strangers who came to them." But no such alarms could deter him. With JOLIET as his associate, and five Frenchmen as companions, and with two friendly Indians as guides, MARQUETTE left the village of Fox River, above Green Bay and Lake Winnebago, on the 10th day of June, 1673, on this first expedition to discover the route of the Mississippi. They carried their canoes on their backs across the narrow portage between the Fox and the Wisconsin rivers, the ridge of land that divides the waters which flow each way to distinct and distant outlets to the ocean, one to the south, the other to the north-east. The guides soon returned, intimidated by the fearful unknown into which they were about to enter. Solitarily, gloomily perhaps, with doubtful forebodings of the future, yet with determined perseverance, these few representatives of the Christianity and the civilization of the glorious age of France, pursued their journey through regions never before visited by white men. All before them was a dark unknown, associated in their minds with all the fearful creations of the human fancy, conjured up in the savage and ignorant mind; and they themselves half ready to believe in chimeras dire, of ghosts and dragons, and monsters unknown to other lands, and of a race of men more terrible than the wildest beasts. It is hardly possible for us to realize now, the physical and moral courage necessary to sustain adventurers, stepping into the bounds of a void so dark and fathomless to their comprehension. Down the Wisconsin they sailed on—and out upon the Father of Waters, of the wonders of which, in the strange language of mystery, they had heard from the Indians, entering, as the voyagers express themselves, "the Great River with a joy that could not be expressed." After a number of days sailing down the stream, they met with the first signs of human presence, in footprints on the sandy beach of its western shore. A foot path was discovered leading back into a beautiful prairie. MARQUETTE and JOLIET were all of the company who had courage to follow this path. The remainder were left in the canoes, to protect themselves by keeping at a safe distance from the shore. Traveling six miles back from the river over this broad prairie, they discovered an Indian village on the shore of a smaller stream. This was on the Des Moines, in the now State of Iowa, and

these adventurers were the first white men who set foot on the soil of that State. They were welcomed with rejoicings by the natives, who ran to meet them with the pipe of peace, declaring themselves to be of the tribe of Illinois, saying in the words translated "we are men." This was the tribe of whom ALLOUEZ had heard such good report, who were doubtless favorably prepossessed by their present visitors. Here they remained six days, communicating to them the gospel first, as preached by MARQUETTE; afterward the knowledge of the French nation, and their being taken under the protection of its government, the subjugation by its arms of the dreaded Iroquois, their perpetual enemies, of whom they and all western tribes stood in constant fear. In turn the visitors were feasted on dog meat, hominy and fish. Thus were established relations of peace and harmony, which were ever kept up with the Illinois tribe, they being ever favorites of the French missionaries.

They proceeded on their voyage down the river, describing the towering rocks at Alton, the mouth of the Missouri river, first known to them by the Indian name of Pekitanoni, describing its turbid current as it now appears, the same from age to age. And as they journeyed, they made note of their passage in such terms, that their progress may be traced to-day. They passed the Ohio, whose banks were sprinkled with the villages of the Shawnees. They proceeded as far south as the river Arkansas, meeting there with hostile tribes, and those who carried guns, and with tribes who spoke another language, unknown to themselves or their interpreters; and ascertaining withal that the river did not flow into the Pacific ocean, as they had possibly hoped, neither into the Gulf east of the explored coast of Florida, and therefore not yet discovered at its mouth, and must be secured to their nation by their own explorations, they concluded to turn back report their progress, and solicit the co-operation of their government. On their return, they entered the mouth of the Illinois river, ascended that stream, meeting again with the Illinois tribe, who entreated MARQUETTE to come and reside with them. He speaks in rapturous terms of the Illinois country,—"as without paragon for the fertility of its beautiful prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags—for the loveliness of its rivers, and the abundance of wild ducks, swans," &c. The Indians furnished the party with guides, and they returned by the river as far as possible to navigate their boats, and thence over the portage from the Des Plaines to the Chicago river, thence to the lake; a route used in those days as a line of communication between the southern rivers and northern lakes. Thence they proceeded by the lake shore to Green Bay, where they arrived by the end of September, having made this voyage of exploration in a little more than three months. Thus was first brought to the knowledge of the civilized world, the course of the Mississippi river, and the geographical character of a large portion of its fertile valley. This expedition dispelled for ever a dark cloud of ignorance and desolation which had from the creation overhung this delightful portion of the world, opening it up to the dawn of the sunlight breaking upon the New World.

JOLIET returned soon after to Quebec, and announced the discovery. TALON, in a communication to his government at home, announced the fact that "Sieur Joliet had discovered the Great River, and had proceeded within ten days' journey of its mouth, and that he had ascertained that a voyage could be made in a barque from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of Mexico, there being only one carrying place of half a league, from Ontario to Erie. That he also supposed that up some of the large branches of the Great River from the West, a communication could be made with the California seas on the Pacific." M. TALON also mentions that he had sent by his secretary the map which JOLIET had made, and the observations he had been able to recollect, as he had lost all his minutes and journal in the shipwreck he had suffered within sight of Montreal. He left with the missionaries at the Sault Ste. Marie copies of his journal, but we find no further mention made of his notes of the trip. MARQUETTE's unpretending narrative was printed in a collection of voyages published in Paris in 1681.

Marquette returned and preached the gospel to the Miamis around Chicago. An autograph map which was about this time prepared by him, giving the route of his explorations and the geography of the Lake region, as then understood, was deposited in St. Mary's College at Montreal. It has been preserved to the present time, an interesting relic of the past. A *fac simile* of the main part of this map forms a part of this page.



Marquette's Map.

This map was evidently intended to show the route and the extent of the explorations of Marquette and Joliet. In the full sized autograph, the Mississippi is only traced as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas, the limit of their discovery. This river was named at that time River de la Conception; afterwards it was named by La Salle, Colbert, from the name of his patron, the French Minister of Finance. The route traced from the Illinois to the Lake, seems to represent a continuous stream joining the Lake at Chicago. It is probable that Marquette may have supposed that there was a connecting river between the two; for in early times, in high water, persons have been known to have passed in canoes from the South Chicago Branch, through the s lough north of the Canal, formerly known as Mud Lake, thence to the Des Plaines, and down that river to the Illinois. And it is very probable that when Marquette returned this way, it was by these high water streams. Lake Michigan was then called Lake Illinois, from the tribe in the middle part of the State, which they supposed

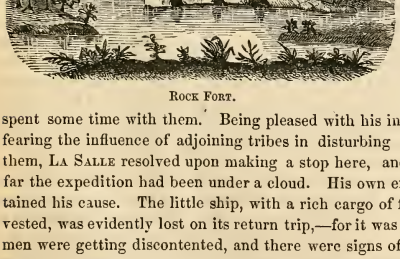
at the time to be located on the lake. The eastern shore of Lake Michigan, as well as the southern shore of Lake Huron, were then unexplored, and their boundaries only traced by dotted lines.

Marquette after this seems to have spent his labors with the Indians around the head of Lake Michigan, probably visiting occasionally his favorite Illinois, and returning to his old scene of labors about St. Mary's. On the 18th of May, in the year 1675, as he was passing with his boatmen on one of his trips up Lake Michigan to Mackinaw, he proposed to land at the mouth of one of the rivers on the Michigan shore, to perform mass. He went a little way apart from his men to pray. He had entertained a presentiment that he should soon die, and his canoe-men remembering what he had said, as he staid longer than they supposed necessary, they sought him, and found him dead where he had been to pray. They dug a grave in the sand on the beach at the mouth of the river, and buried him there, where his body would have been exposed by the floods of the river. Charlevoix, another French traveler, visited the spot fifty years after, and found that the stream had cut through a high bluff, and left the grave of the lonely missionary undisturbed, the waters retiring, as he superstitiously affirms, in awe of the remains of the good man. This is the river Marquette, called so from his name. His body was afterwards taken up, found to be in a perfect state of preservation, and removed with all the pomp and state of the barbarian life in those times, accompanied by a large crowd of natives, and a number of hundreds of canoes, which conveyed the remains to the Mission at the Point of St. Ignace, on the main land north of the Island of Mackinaw, and there deposited them in the tomb of the Chapel.

This exploration of Marquette and Joliet, aroused a deep interest in the West among the French people in Canada, and France. It had now become a matter of national importance to extend their discoveries, and the government was willingly enlisted to further any future enterprises of the kind. At this time there dwelt near the outlet of Lake Ontario an enterprising and enthusiastic young man of noble family, who was destined to fill an important place on the theatre of Western developement,—Robert de La Salle. On his descent from the upper lakes, Joliet had passed by the walls of Fort Frontenac—now Kingston—where La Salle resided, telling the news of his discoveries. La Salle was the man of all the world to be inflamed at the recital of such intelligence, and to enter with all his soul into the future which that emergency required. Already had he gained the sympathy of his government by the explorations on Lake Erie, and the persevering urgency of his views of a passage across the Continent to China and the East Indies, and the connection of the French possessions by the establishment of a line of forts from Ontario to New Orleans, and had received a grant of the fortifications and lands about Frontenac, by letters patent. He immediately repaired to France, and by his own and the influence of the Governor General of Canada, with Colbert, the Minister of Finance, he had an audience with the king. He obtained a monopoly of the traffic in skins with the Indians, and a commission for perfecting the discovery of the Mississippi. On the 14th of July, 1678, he sailed from France to Quebec, with his lieutenant, Tonti, an Italian, and thirty men, destined for the explorations in the West. He arrived at Fort Frontenac, his home, in the latter part of the month of September, 1678. Here he was soon after joined by Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan friar, of the Recollet order. This person proved to be a man of great ambition, energetic and daring, but unprincipled, caring more for the attainment of his own great ends than the truth. He was appointed by his religious superiors to accompany La Salle, and joining him in October, participated in the preliminary arrangements for the journey. These two men, by whom the great harvest sown by Marquette, was to be reaped, were of an entirely different character from their predecessors. La Salle was a man of honor, withal a man of the world, moved by wordly ambition, the desire to make to himself a great name, and with his reputation gain wealth; and we have no evidence that he cared any thing for the desire to save souls which had actuated Allouez and Marquette. The re-

ligious character of the expedition was sustained in the person of Hennepin, as before mentioned. The ideas of the French government were unquestionably better served in these two men—and it is no wonder that their labors have made a more decided impression upon the current events of the world.

La Salle sent men forward to prepare the minds of the Indians in advance for his contemplated settlements, line of forts, and the opening of a system of trade with them in furs, &c. On the 18th of November he embarked in a vessel or canoe, of ten tons burthen, said to be the first wooden ship which sailed on Lake Ontario. He was a month in making a passage as far as Niagara Falls. He transported his stores around the Falls to an Iroquois village on Lake Erie, and established there a magazine and fort. During the winter and spring he here built a large vessel, called the Griffin, which was destined for the upper lake trade. It was the 7th of August, 1679, after many delays and misfortunes which seemed ever upon his track, before this vessel, the first that ever sailed over Erie, Huron and Lake Michigan, was ready to depart. He made a successful trip, though "troubled by dreadful storms," seeking shelter on the 27th of August in the harbor of Michilimackinac (Mackinaw). Here he founded a fort. He proceeded to Green Bay in September, where finding an abundance of furs, he resolved to load the Griffin and send her back with a cargo of this kind of merchandise for a new supply of stores and articles for traffic with the Indians. Tonti was sent to the various mission stations to gather up stragglers to fill up the expedition, for the proposed Mississippi exploration, to join him at the head of the lake. He was nearly six weeks in making the trip in canoes from Green Bay to the mouth of the St. Joseph, on the Michigan side of the Lake, arriving there the first of November. Here he built a fort. Hearing nothing from the Griffin, he started from this place, on his "glorious undertaking," ascending the St. Joseph to its shortest portage from the upper branches of that stream to the *The-au-ki-ki* (the Kankakee),—making a *detour* completely around the head of Lake Michigan —finding a cut-off of the natural route through Chicago! He descended the Kankakee to the main channel of the Illinois, and about the last of December reached a village of the Illinois Indians, near the town of Ottawa, of about one hundred cabins, the inhabitants then being absent. Here he supplied himself with corn from their stores, and proceeded on his way. At this Indian village Tonti afterwards built a fort, and the locality is now known as Rock Fort. This is a rocky elevation six miles south of Ottawa, being sixty or seventy feet perpendicular on three sides, and containing about six hundred acres surface. On the 4th of January, 1680, they entered the head of Peoria Lake, meeting with natives in large numbers. They were received hospitably, and spent some time with them. Being pleased with his intercourse with the natives, and fearing the influence of adjoining tribes in disturbing the amicable relations between them, La Salle resolved upon making a stop here, and building another fort. Thus far the expedition had been under a cloud. His own enterprising genius had alone sustained his cause. The little ship, with a rich cargo of furs in which his fortune was invested, was evidently lost on its return trip,—for it was never heard of afterwards. His men were getting discontented, and there were signs of mutiny and a dissolution of the corps of explorers. He built the fort, and the state of his own feelings under this pressure may be learned from the name given to that fort—*Crevecœur* (Broken Heart). In this desperate extremity, he did all that was in the power of man to do, to preserve his



Rock Fort.

scheme from ruin. He organized the Mississippi exploration party, and appointed HENNEPIN to its head, who in February proceeded down the Illinois, turned up the Mississippi, and followed its course towards its source, to the Falls of St. Anthony at least, for they were rightly located and described by him, and then received the name which they have ever borne. This party were taken captives by the Indians, and roaming through those distant wilds during the Summer, returned in the Autumn of 1680 to the mission at Green Bay.

LA SALLE, leaving a portion of his men in the best condition possible under the circumstances, at Fort Crevecœur, in the month of March, with musket, pouch for powder and shot, and skins for moccasins, set out with three of his companions on foot, for Fort Frontenac, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, for the purpose of obtaining a new supply of men and means to prosecute his "glorious enterprise" to its completion. What a journey was that to be made on foot, even in this day, with civilized men covering the whole course!—then a pathless wilderness, the season, the time of snow and overflowing streams and marshes, through dark forests, through intricate thickets and tangled wildwood, with no food but such as their guns could supply, and through tribes of savage men and haunts of wild beasts, with no other protection than those guns and their own arms could afford. His route was for fifteen hundred miles along the southern shores of Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario, through a tract never before traveled by white men. At home he found his worst fears realized. His vessel was lost, his agents had cheated him, and his goods had been seized by creditors. But he was not crushed. He gathered up a new supply of goods and provisions, and another company of men, and arrived at his posts again on the Illinois river, in December or January, 1681, finding them deserted. His faithful associate TONTI had been left in command; and, according to orders, had constructed the post at Rock Fort, before mentioned, which was called St. Louis. But evil disposed Indians, of other tribes, had roused suspicion among the quiet Illinois, and the Iroquois making inroads upon them, he was at length compelled to abandon his posts, and flee to Lake Michigan for protection among the Pottawatomies and Miamis. LA SALLE was therefore again compelled to return back. He met with TONTI at length, at Mackinaw, where, gathering up again their scattered company and a new outfit of supplies, they turned again to the south, to the final successful issue of their expedition. When all things were ready, the company, consisting of twenty-three Frenchmen, eighteen Indians, and ten women and their children as followers, they started from St. Joseph, (not as before by the Kankakee,) but this time by the Chicago river, traveling on foot over the portage, conveying their baggage on sledges. The passage of this company by this route, is the occasion of the first mention ever made in history of Chicago by name. In the narrative of this trip, given at its termination, in the document called the *Proces Verbal* of the taking possession of the territory of Louisiana at the mouth of the Mississippi, when the great valley was transformed into a part of the territory of France, the following passage occurs:—"On the 27th of December, 1681, M. de La Salle departed on foot to join M. de Tonti, who had preceded him with his followers and all his equipage, forty leagues into the Miamis' country, when the ice on the river Chekagou, in the country of the Mascoutens, had arrested his progress, and where, when the ice became stronger, they used sledges to drag the baggage, the canoes, and a wounded Frenchman, through the whole length of this river and on the Illinois, a distance of seventy leagues."

It was about the 5th of January, 1682, when they thus passed over the Chicago river, TONTI having waited here for LA SALLE and for the freezing up of the river, so that they might get their baggage through on the ice. They pursued the course directly down the Mississippi; and on the 6th of April, discovered the three passages by which this river discharges its waters into the Gulf; and on the 8th, at a dry place, at its confluence with the sea, took place the formal process of annexation, mentioned in the "*Proces Verbal*," before alluded to.

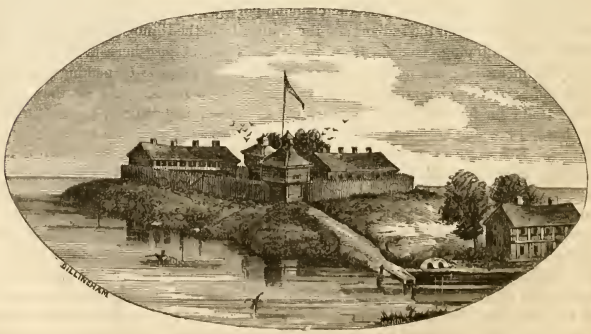
Neither our limits nor our sphere of narrative, as the antecedent history of Chicago, will allow us to follow further the fortunes of La Salle; his romantic adventures and final assassination, in the lower Mississippi country.

We have, as briefly as possible, traced the origin and progress of the first French settlements so far as they encircled Chicago in their current of influence, or have developed the country of which this city is confessedly the center of attraction. The discoveries and primitive settlements of Allouez, Marquette, Joliet, Hennepin and La Salle, placed all the West, for a time, under the dominion of the French, in contrast with the possession of the Atlantic Colonies by the English. It was a part of the great plan of the French Government, in organizing these explorations, as we have before stated, to secure the ascendancy of their jurisdiction here, by hemming in the English colonies; to maintain possession by their chain of settlements, and to perpetuate their power by an alliance with the Indians, and by establishing military posts along the whole line of their possessions. To this end, we know that in a short time after the expeditions of La Salle, just mentioned, the plan which he began was so far carried out that there were posts on Lake Erie—at Detroit, at Mackinaw, at St. Joseph, Chicago, St. Louis, at Rock Fort, Crevecœur below Peoria, Fort Chartres, Fort Massac on the Ohio, not far above its mouth,—also, forts on the lower Mississippi; and, as we have good evidence, settlements with military and mission stations, along the Illinois, at Green Bay, Milwaukee, on the shore of Lake Superior, St. Mary's, and other places—for good authority has identified thirty-five military forts extending along this line of communication, from Fort Frontenac to New Orleans.

Soon after the expeditions of La Salle, the colonial warfares commenced, and were fed almost incessantly by the conflicts of hostile tribes, thus putting a check to the growth of settlements in the far West—and Chicago, for the period from 1681 to 1795, more than one hundred years, during the time of the French possession, and after its cession to the English, has almost perished from history. French settlements were maintained in Southern Illinois, where we have a country as old as any of the Eastern States; but Northern Illinois remained the hunting ground of the red men, the home of the Indian, till after this State, sustained by a population in the Southern portion, kept up by emigration by way of the Ohio and Southern rivers, was admitted into the Union. During this time, we only know from incidental circumstances, that in these dark days of French possession, there was a fort near the mouth of our river,—that there were Indian villages at the Calumet, and on the Des Plaines—that here were the roving grounds of the Pottawatomies—and that from the head waters of the Illinois to the Chicago River, was the common portage for the trade and transit of the goods and furs between the Indians and the traders from the Illinois River and the Lakes, and that the shipping place for these goods was from the port here at Chicago. The few white men who came here, were here not for the purpose of making settlements or the material for history, but simply as transient traders, to gain what they could in a rude traffic for furs and skins. These men, of course, had little or no use for education beyond keeping accounts, and could not be expected to leave any traces of adventure. This state of things continued till the close of the general Western Indian war, soon after the termination of the war of the Revolution. The Indians were first excited to commit depredations upon each other and upon the French or English settlers by the intrigues of the French and the English against each other, until at length the French were conquered. Not long after this occurred the war of the colonists against the English for independence—and English intrigue still stirred up this border Indian warfare; and so embittered did it become, that after peace was declared, it broke out in a general war of the Western Indians against the United States. This war was continued till the year 1795, when, having been effectually chastised by Gen. Wayne, the chiefs of the several tribes assembled by his invitation at Greenville, Ohio, and there effected a

treaty of peace, which closed the war of the West. In this treaty the Indians ceded to the United States numerous small tracts of land, where forts and trading posts were established. Among these was one described as "One piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of Chickajo (Chicago) River, emptying into the south-west end of Lake Michigan, *where a fort formerly stood.*" In the same treaty, a free passage by land or water, is secured from the mouth of Chicago River to the commencement of the portage between that river and the Illinois, and down the Illinois to the Mississippi. In this treaty is contained the *first land trade* of this city, the first step in that order of business which distinguishes Chicago above every other city of the nation, the first link in the chain of title to the thousands upon thousands of transfers that have been made of the soil thus parted with by the Indians.

Not many years passed after this "tract and parcel of land," six miles square, had been ceded to the United States, ere the energetic proprietors thought it practicable to enter upon actual possession. A trade was already established with the Indians, which needed protection; and in those regions remote from civilization, peace could not well be maintained among the tribes, without a show of that restraining force which was at command. Accordingly, in 1804, the government built the first United States fort occupying this locality. It stood nearly on the site of the fort erected in 1816, and finally demolished in the summer of 1856. It was somewhat different in its structure from its successor. It had two block houses, one on the south-east corner, the other at the north-west. On the north side was a sally-port, or subterranean passage, leading from the parade ground to the river, designed as a place of escape in an emergency, or for supplying the garrison with water in time of a siege. The whole was enclosed by a strong palisade of wooden pickets. At the west of the fort, and fronting north on the river, was a two-story log building, covered with split oak siding, which was the United States factory, attached to the fort. On the shore of the river, between the fort and the factory, were the root houses, or cellars of the garrison. The ground adjoining the fort on the south side, was enclosed and cultivated as a garden. The fort was furnished with three pieces of light artillery. A company of United States troops, about fifty in number, many of whom were invalids, constituted the garrison. It received the name of Fort Dearborn, by which it was ever after known as long as it continued a military post. Such was the old fort previous to 1812. Through the kindness of Mrs. J. H. Kinzie, who furnished the sketch, we are enabled to present a view of this Fort as it appeared previous to that year.



Old Fort Dearborn, erected in 1804.

This fort stood upon the slightly elevated point on the south side of the river, near the lake shore, formed by a bend in the river just before mingling its waters with those of the lake. We see by the course of the river as it now appears, where it has not been materially changed by the work of improvement in the harbor, that just before reaching the ground of the old fort, it takes a turn to the north until opposite the fort, then coursing directly east into the lake, forms the mouth of the harbor. This latter part, from a point north of the fort directly to the lake, is a channel cut by the Engineers of the government in 1833, to make the harbor of Chicago. Previously, the channel continued in its circular course, around the elevation on which the fort stood, half surrounding it, and flowing southerly, parallel with the lake shore, for nearly half a mile, till at last it lost itself in the lake, its mouth being choked by sand bars, obstructing the entrance of the smallest class of sail vessels. On the left bank, passing up the river, was a long low strip of land, a sandy beach and drifting sand bars, which had been formed in past days by the combined action of the two currents of the lake and river, it being the barrier or dividing ridge between the two. This tongue of land, reaching far south against our present Michigan Avenue front, was an elongated appendage of the North Side, and could only be reached by crossing at some point the Chicago river. When to open the mouth of the harbor, the channel was cut through this tongue of land, and the piers were erected, the current of the lake, caused probably by the prevalent winds which had formerly turned the channel of the river south, and had piled up this sandy barrier between them, striving still to do its will, soon filled up the open space north of the pier, and at the same time rapidly swept away the remains of this belt, and made sad encroachments on the main land, until the fine Lake Park, an endowment to the city, extending from the old fort grounds to the next section line, nearly a mile in length, had been nearly swept away. And the encroachment steadily progressed against all the plans and piling of lake shore property owners, until arrested by the heavy stone crib work of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, laid as a protection to their track on the lake shore.

This fort then occupied one of the most beautiful sites on the lake shore. It was as high as any other point, overlooking the surface of the lake; commanding as well as any other view on this flat surface could, the prairie extending to the south, the belt of timber along the South Branch and on the North Side, and the white sand hills both to the north and south, which had for ages past been the sport of the lake winds. It stood upon a flattened mound, formed by the curve of the river at its base on its three sides. On the apex of this mound-shaped elevation stood the buildings of the old fort, its two block houses on opposite corners, enclosed by palisades, and a green grassy slope extending each way, and on the north and east side down to the edge of the ever quiet waters of Chicago river.

Up to the time of the erection of this fort no white man had made here his home. The Pottawatomie Indians had here undisputed sway. Their villages were near by. In addition to the garrison, there soon gathered here a few families of French, Canadians and half-breeds, consisting of that floating class which hang about a military post, or an Indian trading station. Whatever there was of civilized society, which has connected those days of the past in a bright chain of identity with the present, was sustained in the Kinzie family. And such was the nucleus of a community formed in the center of the North-West, but half a century ago, shut out from communication with all the world, except by the waters of the lakes, passed over but once or twice a year by a single sail vessel; or by Indian trails to other almost as isolated communities, at St. Louis, Detroit, or Fort Wayne. It was certainly a way-mark in the wilderness far in advance of civilization. They were a little world unto themselves. They pursued in an even way, the narrow routine of pioneer life, furnishing few incidents of sufficient note to fill up a page of history, from the time of the erection of this fort, till the one great inci-

dent, which blotted it out and its little surrounding community, the massacre in 1812.

The author of "Waubun," remarks as the naive saying of the Indians, "the first white man who settled here was a negro." Point-au-Sable, a native of St. Domingo, from a life of wandering, made his advent here among the Indians in 1796, as a character of some consequence. He had made the Indians believe he had been a chief among the white men and probably expected some such honor among his new friends. He made some improvements, merely driving the pre-emption stakes of civilization,—when he left in disgust or discouragement, and ended his days with Clamorgan, at Peoria, a St. Domingo negro friend, who had obtained large Spanish grants of land about St. Louis. A Frenchman by the name of Le Mai took possession of Point-au-Sable's improvements, and commenced trading with the Indians. Le Mai's establishment, a few years after was purchased by John Kinzie, Esq., then an Indian trader in the St.. Joseph country, Michigan, who came with his family to Chicago to reside, in 1804, the year in which the fort was built. John Kinzie was the first permanent white resident of Chicago, the first man to establish permanent trade, and improvements, and to leave the impress of his enterprise and the marks of civilization on the first things from which Chicago has sprung. For nearly twenty years he was with the exception of the military, the only white inhabitant of Northern Illinois. If any person is entitled to the honor of being styled the Father of Chicago, that person is unquestionably John Kinzie.

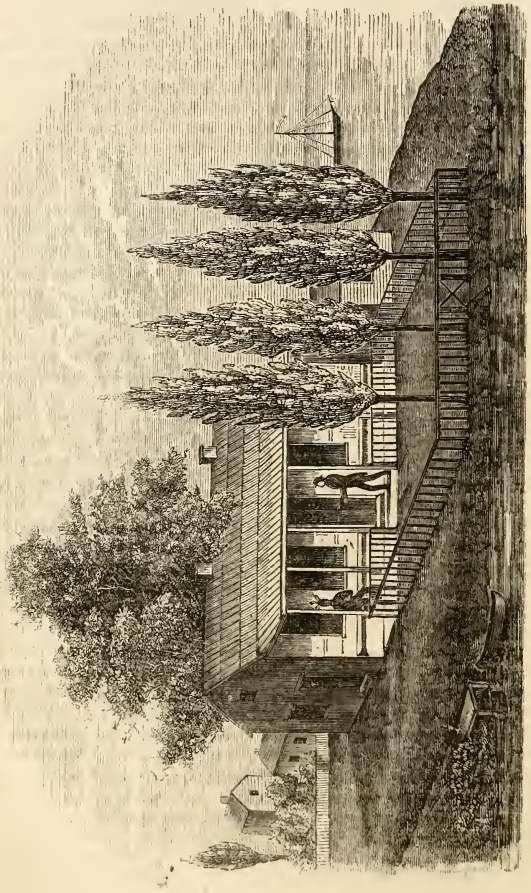
John Kinzie was born in Quebec, Lower Canada, in the year 1763. He was the only child of his mother by a second marriage. His father died when he was but an infant. His mother married for her third husband, a Mr. Forsyth, and removed with him and her young son, to New York city. John was educated at a school at Williamsburg, Long Island. While quite young he left his home, without the knowledge of his mother, and traveled alone to Quebec, to fulfill a long-formed determination of visiting his native place. Here he found a protector, and in his family a home for three years, before being discovered by his parents. On removing from New York to the West, by way of Quebec, they accidentally found their long lost child. He moved with them to Detroit, where he commenced at an early age his adventurous life as a pioneer in the West. His taste led him, as he grew older, to live much of his time on the frontier. He entered early into the Indian trade, and at first established trading posts at Sandusky and Maumee. About the year 1800, he had so far extended his operations, that he opened establishments in the St. Joseph's country, the region bordering upon the river by that name, which empties into Lake Michigan from the east, nearly opposite Chicago. In this year he married Mrs. McKillip, the widow of a British officer, and this lady was the mother of John H. Kinzie, Esq., our present respected citizen. His place of residence in Michigan, was at Betrand, a trading post near Niles, which was known by the term, *Parc aux Vaches*. In the year 1804, when the first fort was built, he removed to Chicago, to make here his home, still prosecuting the Indian trade. He was also sutler to the fort.

Mr. Kinzie made the point at Chicago, the center of an extended system of trade with the Indians. He established posts at several distant points, which he sustained from the central one here, and from which he received large stocks of furs, contributing to the stores of the general depot, until shipped off by the vessels that came here semi-annually for the purpose, and keeping up the supply of goods necessary for the trade. He had a station at Milwaukee among the Menominees; another at Rock River for the Winnebagoes, another on the Illinois and Kankakee Rivers with the Pottawotamies, and other stations in the Sangamo country, then called *Le Large*, and on the head waters of the Kaskaskia, for the Kickapoos. Each of these stations had its superintendent, and corps of operators called *engages;* and its trains of pack horses and equipment of boats and canoes. And by means and conveyances like these, were the furs and peltries, which had accumulated at the several stations, brought to Chicago, and the

goods necessary to the "balance of trade," transported in return. Many goods were sent up the Illinois river, from as low as St Louis, gathered up from the Indians along the course of the Mississippi as well as the Illinois, and were taken across the portage between this latter river and the lake, by cattle teams. Chicago was thus made the depot of this carrying trade, which was the slow pace progress of the preceeding generation; the present generation proving its right to the claim of being a fast people by its rail cars running over the same track plodded by old JOHN KINZIE'S cattle team, driven by Ouilemette and his successors, from 1804 to 1820. The lake trade was at the same time carried on by a small sail vessel, coming in the fall and spring, bringing the season's supply of goods and stores for the fort, and taking away the accumulated stock of furs and peltries. Such was the character and extent of the first regular business established in Chicago. At the head of this trade was JOHN KINZIE, senior. He, without interruption, and with few incidents to change its routine, pursued his line of business from 1804, till the breaking out of hostilities with the Indians, which resulted in the massacre of 1812. By his uniformly consistent, kind and straightforward course with the Indians, he gained their confidence, and bound himself to them in strong ties of friendship, to which he was indebted for the preservation of himself and family, from the horrid fate of his white neighbors of the fort, at the time of the massacre. After the close of the war, he returned again to Chicago, and re-opened the trade with the Indians. Here he continued to reside till his death in 1828.

MR. KINZIE'S residence was the first house built in Chicago. A part of it was the same rude structure put up by the so called first white man, the negro Jean Baptiste Point-au-Sable, about the year 1796. It was enlarged and improved by LE MAI, of whom MR. KINZIE purchased, who further improved it, internally and externally, until he made it a respectable family mansion. It stood on the north side of the river, fronting the fort. Between this house and the fort, there was kept up a foot ferry, and a little boat swung in the stream awaiting the pleasure of any passenger. A foot path on each side, from the gate of the fort, or the door of the mansion, to the platforms at the water edge, from which the passenger stepped into the boat, marked the course of travel from one side to the other. This ferry occupied nearly the same crossing as the iron bridge structure now in process of erection, in the place of the Lake House Ferry. MRS. KINZIE describes the house as a long low building, with a piazza extending along its front, a range of four or five rooms. A broad green space was inclosed between it and the river, and shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars. Two large cotton wood trees stood in the rear, one of which still remains, though seared and dry, as it died last year, a perishing land-mark of the early days. A well cultivated garden extended to the north, at the rear of the dwelling. Surrounding this "first house," were a variety of out buildings, such as the primitive wants, and the condition of the family required, as dairy, bake-house, stables, and lodging rooms for the Frenchmen and attaches of the trading post. North of the homestead and along the lake shore, which then was considerably inland of the present shore, was a low range of sand-hills, sprinkled over with stunted cedars, pines, and dwarf-willows. This was the boyhood home of JOHN H. KINZIE. Here he resided to the age of eight years, when the family home was broken up by the Indians, at the time of the destruction of the fort. This scenery of his early life, is now impressed upon his mind in a vivid living picture. In the language uttered by him in casual conversation upon those early times of Chicago and his own life—every feature of the old home is distinct in his recollection. The Lombardy poplars which perished long ago, and the cotton woods which were but saplings, and trees planted by his own hands, which have stood until the more recent days as mementoes of the past—the rough hewn logs which formed the walls of his home, the garden and its shrubbery, the fence paling that surrounded it, and the green lawn at the front of the house gently descending to the water of the river—the tiny boat floating idly at the foot of the walk—and as the crowning mark of this picture, stood upon the op-

posite shore, upon the highest part of the elevation, the old fort, the whitewashed walls of the block houses, the barracks and the palisades, glistening in the bright sun; while a gentle slope of fine green grass extended from the enclosure to the very water brink. It was a beautiful sight. Over all this rose the few pulsations of human progress as seen in an occasional stray Indian with his canoe, or pony, and pack of furs; a French Canadian loitering here and there; a soldier pacing his rounds about the fort, or idly strolling over the prairies, or hunting in the woods. There was a deep repose in all this scenery, a quietness, which it was impossible to conceive could have been superceded within half a century by one of the busiest cities in the national Union.



THE "OLD KINZIE HOUSE,"

The first House in Chicago; partly built in 1796; finished and occupied by JOHN KINZIE in 1804.

THE DROP OF DEW.

I come at the hour of soft repose,
To bathe the brow of the fainting rose;
To fill the cup of the tiny flower,
And gem the leaves of the maiden's bower.
Ask ye my home? 'Tis in realms afar,
'Neath the fair, meek smile of the fairest star;
On a fleecy cloud that is yet in view—
List ye the tale of a DROP OF DEW.

I am the breath of the mother's prayer,
As it softly floats on the twilight air;
Her moan of anguish is borne to me,
"My son, would God I had died for thee."
The half-breathed thoughts of the maiden's heart—
The tear, the sunlight, all form a part;
The last faint sigh that the martyr drew
'Neath the frown of God, was a Drop of Dew.

I am the essence of things of light;
The wild-bird's lay in the hush of night;
The merry voice of the streamlet's flow;
The dirge of Autumn, in murmurs low;
The breath of flowers, when bright ones twine
The May-day garland, are mine—all mine.
The songs of home that our childhood knew;
Ah! a holy thing is a Drop of Dew.

I came where the scoffer's hand had sown
Another's birthright, and called his own.
He asked not Heaven for timely rain,
But cursed in anguish the parching plain.
That curse arose, and returned—a blight;
For mildew came on the breath of night;
No bright green blade from the dark soil grew;
Ah! a fearful thing is a Drop of Dew.

Children of Earth! it is mine to know
The highest joys that ye prize below;
From my pure, bright home in yon azure sky,
I come, as a holier One, to die.
Sinless and fearless, I die to save
A dearer life from an early grave,
While stars of even that smile on you,
Light with their beauty the Drop of Dew

'Tis sweet to live, when our lives impart
Some kindly warmth to a genial heart,
Some sunny smiles, to a dear one's eye;
But sweeter far, for the loved, to die.
I deck the lily with brightest charms,
But rise ere noon from its fragrant arms;
I know that Death will my life renew—
Much may be learned from a Drop of Dew.

It was mine to fall as a blessing where
The Suffering, Sinless, had knelt in prayer
Those fearful drops, it was mine to see,
That fell in thy garden, Gethsemane!
Thus has my mission forever sped;
I kiss the brow of the tombless dead,
I gem the graves of the loved and true—
Such is the life of a DROP of Dew.

Yours Very Truly
W. B. Ogden

HON. WILLIAM B. OGDEN,

THE FIRST MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

Mr. Ogden is a native of Delaware County, N. Y. He was born in the town of Walton, on the 15th of June, 1805. He is of the Eastern New Jersey Ogden family.

His grandfather was engaged in the Revolutionary War. His father, Abraham Ogden, when eighteen years old, left Morristown, N. J., soon after the close of that war, intending to settle in the new City of Washington, the future Capitol of the United States. He had proceeded on his journey as far as Philadelphia, when he met a brother or relative of his friend the late Governor Mahlon Dickerson, of New Jersey, who gave him such a glowing account of the Upper Delaware Country, and of the immense forests of pine timber upon the banks of the Delaware, promising great prospective wealth from its accessibility to the Philadelphia market, that he was induced to accompany Mr. Dickerson to that then wilderness country, where he finally settled, and passed a life of active usefulness, engaged in such employments as were best suited to develope and build up the home of his adoption. He was regarded as a man of sound judgement and good business tact. He was social and domestic, fond of reading, yet very hospitable in his disposition. His advice was sought and valued, especially by those younger than himself. His active usefulness was much impaired by a stroke of paralysis in 1820. He died in 1825.

The mother of Mr. William B. Ogden, was a daughter of an officer of the Revolutionary War, Mr. James Weed, of New Canaan, Fairfield County, Connecticut. Mr. Weed seems to have been very patriotic, or somewhat warlike in his tastes, for we find him at the early age of fourteen years, volunteering in the "French War."

At the termination of the Revolutionary struggle, like most of his brother officers, he was out of cash and out of business. Several of these officers, including Mr. Weed, determined to colonize and settle upon and around a "Patent" of land which one of their number held upon the Delaware river. This land was a primitive forest, west of the Catskill mountains, eighty miles (these were not railroad days) beyond the Hudson, and sixty miles beyond the then Western frontier, or any carriage road. It was a great undertaking; yet these brave men had the conrage to seek an independent home with their families in the wilderness. In 1790–2, they took their families, upon pack-horses to their forest homes; established a settlement in that "Sequestered Section" of the State, as it was afterwards called by Governor Clinton, where, though neither remarkable for numbers or wealth, patriotism found a home, amid dignified courtesy and genuine hospitality. The society formed and developed through the influence of these pioneers, was distinguished through all the surrounding country, no less for its general intelligence and intellectual cultivation, than for its moral and religious character. It was here that the parents of the subject of this sketch were married, and the earlier years of the latter were passed. Allusion has not been made to the ancestors of Mr. Ogden, from any feeling that worthy parentage can confer honor without regard to the character of the offspring. The writer holds that such ancestry only add to the dishonor of him who is not true to his inherited blood. But when worthy parentage is blessed and honored by corresponding qualities in the child, any biography of the latter is deficient, which does not acknowledge the indebtedness of its subject to its parent stock.

Mr. Ogden, when a lad, was large for his years. When not more than ten or twelve years old, he was very fond of athletic exercise, and the sports of robust boyhood. It was his delight to hunt, to swim, to skate, to wrestle and to ride. These were the sports suited to his "Sequestered" home; and if they trespassed too much upon histime, it was from no indisposition to study, or want of fondness for books. He must have been very fond of these sports in his early youth, for he recollects that his father was obliged to limit his hunting and fishing excursions to two days in the week. As he grew older,

the advice of his father awakened in him a consciousness of the necessity of greater application to books, and of the duty of preparing himself for the serious business of life. His father's counsels were not unheeded.

Permitted by his indulgent father to choose his future occupation, he determined to acquire a liberal education, and devote himself to the practice of the law. No sooner had he made this determination, than, with the decision of character and earnestness which have marked all his subsequent life, he set to work to fit himself for his chosen profession. He had but little more than commenced his academic course, when the sudden prostration of his father's health, required him, though only sixteen years of age, to return home, to take his father's place in the management of the latter's business, and the care of the family. It was with no little regret that the young OGDEN bade adieu to the Academic Halls; yet he could not hesitate between inclination and duty.

The management of his father's business exacted great activity and energy from its youthful conductor. It took him much over the country, and frequently to the large cities, and in it he acquired that taste and inclination for diversified business pursuits, which have rendered his subsequent life one of untiring activity.

Although his father's business required great attention, it did not absorb all his strength. He found opportunity to cultivate his mind by reading; and being a ready observer, and his mind of a strong practical turn, he did not fail to profit by every tour he made. Travel proved to him, as it always does to persons of thought and observation, an efficient educator. It enlarged his views, expanded his thoughts, and increased his powers. Yet at this time he had not seen very much of the world. He was only twenty one years of age when he was induced to engage as a partner in a mercantile firm, and enlarge his operations. These were moderately successful, but did not satisfy his ambition. After spending a few years more in his native county, his unwearied exertions being rewarded by only moderate gains, he determined, in 1835, to turn his attention westward. He arrived at Chicago in June, 1835, having then recently united with friends in the purchase of real estate in this city. He and they foresaw that Chicago was to be a good town, and they purchased largely, including Wolcott's addition, and nearly the half of Kinzie's Addition, and the block of land upon which the freight houses of the Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road now stand

Before leaving his native state, at eighteen, the age at which Military service was at that time required of young men in the State of New York, Mr. OGDEN entered upon that service. He was elected a Commissioned officer, the first day of doing duty; and the second, was appointed Aid to his esteemed friend, Brigadier General FREDERIO P. FOOTE, a gallant and polished gentleman, long since deceased. The late Hon. SELAH R. HOBBIE, the distinguished Assistant Post Master General of the United States, for so many years, and from boyhood the intimate friend of Mr. OGDEN, was a member of General FOOTE's Staff, at the same time, as Brigade Inspector, with the rank of Major. Mr. OGDEN succeeded his friend Major HOBBIE, in the office of Brigade Inspector, and did its duties for several years.

In General JACKSON's time, Mr. OGDEN was made Post Master of his village (Walton), and so remained until after his removal to Chicago.

The year before coming to Chicago (1834), Mr. OGDEN was elected to the Legislature of the State of New-York, especially to advocate the construction of the New-York & Erie Rail Road, and to obtain the aid of the State for that great work, which then commanded, his hearty exertions and in which he has ever since felt a deep interest. He spent the winter of 1834--5 in the Assembly at Albany—but it was not until the following year that aid was granted by the State.

Chicago was selected as his place of residence, because of its prominent position at the head of Lake Michigan, or rather, because of its being the Western terminus of Lake navigation.

His attention had been more particularly drawn to it by his brother-in-law, CHARLES

Butler, Esq., and his friend, Arthur Bronson, Esq., of New York, both of whom had visited Chicago, in 1833, and made purchases here.

At first Mr. Ogden's principal business in Chicago was the management of the real estate which he and his friends had purchased; but gradually, and almost accidentally in the beginning, he established a Land and Trust Agency in Chicago, which he carried on in his own name from 1836 to 1843, when it had so increased that he associated with himself, the late Wm. E. Jones, Esq. Since then the business has been carried on successively by Ogden, Jones & Co., and Ogden, Fleetwood & Co., in which last name it is still managed. The business has become so large, that it may be called one of the Institutions of Chicago.

Mr. Ogden was very successful in his operations in 1835--6; but he became embarrassed in 1837--8, by assuming liabilities for friends, several of whom he endeavored to aid, with but partial success. He struggled on with these embarrassments for several years. Finally, in 1842--3, Mr. Ogden escaped from the last of them; and since, his career of pecuniary sucess has been unclouded. They were gloomy days for Chicago when the old Internal Improvement System went by the board, and the Canal drew its slow length along, and operations upon it were finally suspended, leaving the State comparatively nothing to show for the millions squandered in "Internal Improvements."

His operations in real estate have been immense. He has sold real estate for himself and others, to an amount exceeding ten millions of dollars, requiring many thousand deeds and contracts which have been signed by him. The fact that the sales of his house have, for some years back, equalled nearly one million of dollars per annum, will give some idea of the extent of their business. He has literally made the rough places smooth, and the crooked ways straight, in Chicago. More than one hundred miles of streets, and hundreds of bridges at street corners, besides several other bridges, including two over the Chicago river, have been made by him, at the private expense of himself and clients, and at a cost of probably hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. Ogden's mind is of a very practical character. The first floating swing bridge over the Chicago River was built by him, for the city, (before he ever saw one elsewhere) on Clark street, and answered well its designed purpose. He was early engaged in introducing into extensive use in the West, McCormick's Reaping and Mowing Machines, and building up the first large factory for their manufacture—that now owned by the McCormicks. In this manufactory, during Mr. Ogden's connection with it, and at his suggestion, was built the first Reaper sent to England, and which at the great Exhibition of 1851, in London, did so much for the credit of American Manufactures there.

He was a contractor upon the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and his efforts to prevent its suspension, and to resuscitate and complete it, were untiring.

There is no brighter page in Mr. Ogden's history, than that which records his devotion to the preservation of the public credit. The first time that we recollect to have heard him address a public meeting, was in the fall of 1837, while he held the office of Mayor. Some frightened debtors, assisted by a few demagogues, had called a meeting to take measures to have the courts suspended, or some way devised by which the compulsory fulfilment of their engagements might be deferred beyond that period so tedious to creditors, known as the "Law's Delay." They sought by legislative action—or "Relief Laws," to virtually suspend, for a season, the collection of debts. An inflammatory and *ad captandum* speech had been made. The meeting, which was composed chiefly of debtors, seemed quite excited, and many were rendered almost desperate by the recital by designing men, of their sufferings and pecuniary danger. During the excitement, the Mayor was called for. He stepped forward, and exhorted his fellow citizens not to commit the folly of proclaiming their own dishonor. He besought those of them who were embarrassed, to bear up against adverse circumstances with the courage of men, remembering that *no misfortune was so great as one's own personal dishonor.* That it were better for them to conceal their misfortunes, than to proclaim them; reminding them

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that many a fortress had saved itself by the courage of its inmates, and their determination to conceal its weakened condition, when, if its real state had been made known, its destruction would have been inevitable and immediate. "Above all things," said he, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city."

To the credit of Chicago, be it said, that this first attempt at "Repudiating Relief," met, from a majority of that meeting, and from our citizens, a rebuff no less pointed than deserved; and those who attempted it received merited contempt.

Since then has our State needed all the exertions of its truest and most faithful citizens to repel the insidious approaches of the Demon of Repudiation. When Mississippi repudiated, and Illinois could not pay, and with many sister States had failed to meet her interest, there were not wanting political Catalines to raise the standard of Repudiation in Illinois. The State seemed almost hopelessly in debt; and the money for this immense indebtedness, except so much as had been expended upon the Canal, had been wasted, chiefly in the partial construction of disconnected pieces of Rail Roads, which were of no value to the State or people.

The State was bankrupt, and private insolvency was rather the rule than the exception: Many were discouraged by their misfortunes, some of the hopeless were leaving the State on account of its embarrassments, and emigration was repelled by fear of enormous taxation. Then it was that the wiley demagogue sought to "beguile" the simple and unsuspecting, and to preach the doctrine of repudiation as a right, because "no value had been received" for the money which our public creditors had loaned us, and on account of the hopelessness and utter impossibility of our ever paying our indebtedness. Mr. Ogden then, though his party in its State Convention, refused to adopt a resolution which he submitted, "Repudiating Repudiation," in common with the great mass of his Northern fellow citizens, did not hesitate to proclaim the inviolable nature of our PUBLIC FAITH, and the necessity of doing our utmost to meet our obligations, and redeem the credit of our noble State.

In politics, Mr. Ogden, though not much of a partizan, has always been a Democrat of the Madisonian School. He has not hesitated to oppose the nominations of his party, when, in his opinion, the public interest required it. He has often been in the City Council, and frequently solicited to be a candidate for official positions. He was nominated in 1840, by the canal party, for the Legislature, and in 1852 by the Free Democracy for Congress. This nomination he declined. In the recent struggle, he was found with Freedom's Hosts, in support of the nominees of the Republican Party, believing in common with the great mass of the North, that the encroachments of slavery upon territory dedicated to freedom by the plighted faith of the nation, must be resisted; and that the "principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, are essential to the preservation of our Republican Institutions."

Mr. Ogden is a man of great public spirit, and in enterprise unsurpassed. To recapitulate the public undertakings which have commanded his attention, and received his countenance and support, would be to catalogue most of those in this section of the Northwest. He has been a leading man—President or Director, or a large stockholder, in so many that we shall not undertake to make a list of them. Among the prominent places he has occupied, we recollect the following:

In 1837, at the first election under the city charter, he was chosen Mayor.

He was the first and only President of Rush Medical College. He was President of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company from its resuscitation on its present basis, until its construction, in part, and earnings, had raised its stock to a premium, when he resigned. He was President of the National Pacific Railroad Convention of 1850, held in Philadelphia; of the Illinois and Wisconsin Railroad Company; of the Buffalo and Mississippi Rail Road Company, in Indiana, until merged in the Michigan Central; of the Chicago Branch of the State Bank of Illinois, at Chicago; and is President of the Board of Sewerage Commissioners for the City of Chicago.

It was Mr. Ogden who first started the resuscitation and building of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. He negotiated for the purchase of the charter, and assets of the Company, of the proprietors in New York, in 1847, and was the first President of the Company. He was indefatigable in his exertions to commend the enterprise to public attention, and secure its commencement and energetic construction. But for the exertions of J. Y. Scammon, Esq. and himself, it could not have started when it did. It was their exertions, in the country, and in Chicago, that obtained the necessary subscriptions to justify the commencement of the undertaking. Without them, it would not have moved for years.

In 1854–5, Mr. Ogden visited Europe, and was away from Chicago for about a year and a half. He was an accurate observer while abroad of men and things. The Institutions and great public works of Europe did not escape his attention, and some of them were carefully examined by him. It was the Canals of Holland, and especially the Great Ship Canal at Amsterdam, that first suggested to him the practicability, as well as importance and necessity of a channel for the free flow of the waters of Lake Michigan, through the Chicago and Des Plaine rivers, into the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, in aid of navigation in those rivers; and at the same time furnishing free, direct, and unbroken steamboat navigation between the Mississippi river and all its tributaries and Chicago. His letters from Europe were published in the Chicago Democratic Press at the time, and have attracted attention to this great subject, which has already many strong friends. While in Europe Mr. Ogden gave attention, also, to works of art, and purchased quite a number of pictures and other matters of taste and art, most of them the productions of American artists of merit abroad, and which, not only adorn the walls of his mansion, but do credit to their authors, and are valuable contributions to the improvement and gratification of the public taste in this new world.

Mr. Ogden is a man of commanding person, and most agreeable manners—of extensive general information, and cultivated taste. We have never known a more amiable or gentlemanly man in his intercourse with others. His strong practical sense, and great presence of mind, make him at home almost everywhere. He is rarely at a loss Although his education has not been such as to make him a belles lettres scholar, or an accomplished orator, he writes well, and is always listened to with attention when he addresses an audience; and few, if any men, exert more influence in a public body, upon any practical subject, than he does.

As a traveling companion, we have never seen his equal. His prudence and foresight, and his love of doing the agreeable to others, relieves his *compagnons de voyage* of all care. It is natural for him to love to aid others. It affords him great satisfaction to be of service to his friends. Amidst the pressure of his enormous business, he finds time to relieve the distressed, and to aid the deserving; and many a family in Chicago, who are now basking in prosperity, owe their success to his kind assistance; many a poor widow and orphan have been preserved from want by his care and foresight.

Mr. Ogden is now immensely rich; yet he retains the same fondness for enterprise, the same love for building roads, and developing the country, which have characterized his previous life. He is now President of the Chicago St. Paul and Fond du Lac R. R Co., and of the Wisconsin and Superior Land Grant R. R. Co.; and under his auspices Chicago will, ere long, in all probability, be brought into direct communication with Lake Superior; and should he live long enough, we should not be surprised to see him building the Northwestern Railroad to the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. Ogden has never married. In 1837 he built a delightful residence, in the center of a beautiful lot, thickly covered with fine native growth forest trees, and surrounded by four streets, in that part of the city called North Chicago; and there, when not absent from home, he indulges in that hospitality which is, at the same time, so cheering to his friends, and so agreeable to himself.

Yours &c
W. H. Brown

WILLIAM H. BROWN.

To write a sketch of some living men which shall be truthful and at the same time readable, which shall present their virtues in due relation to their faults, and as relieved by them, without injustice to the feelings of the parties concerned, is not an easy matter.

Some men are like the head of a certain statesman, of which the phrenologist could make nothing, because he could find no "bump" about it—it was symmetrically smooth in every part—while others exhibit such decided traits of character, that inequalities are a matter of necessity. Their virtues and their failings, alike exhibit themselves decidedly, and in natural correspondence with each other.

Mr. BROWN the subject of this sketch is a man of marked and decided traits. What he knows, he knows; what he says, he means; and whatever subject comes before him, elicits, without much delay, a plump and square opinion. Such men must of necessity cross somebody's track in the course of their lives, and will come to be somewhat differently regarded by different classes of people.

While therefore this sketch will endeavor to set forth Mr. BROWN as he is, as far as it goes, it cannot of course enter upon such a discussion as would be called for were he not yet moving among us.

Mr. BROWN is a native of the State of Connecticut, and was born about the beginning of the nineteenth century. His father was a native of Rhode Island. His profession was that of the law, which he practiced for some twenty-five years, at Auburn, New York, with decided talent and success, and then removed to the City of New-York, where a few years since, he died.

The son William, gained his education as many young men of his time were accustomed to do, while the country was not as well supplied with schools of a high grade as at present, partly in the office of his father, and at various schools; but not extending it in youth, far beyond what are considered good business acquirements. He studied law with his father and then engaged in its practice with him.

In December 1818, about the time of his majority, as we infer, he came to seek his fortune in the farther or extreme West, as it then was; and opened a law office in the old French town of Kaskaskia, in this State. His inducement to select Illinois as the State of his residence, he declares to be, that it had, in the summer of that year, adopted a *free* constitution; without which he would by no means have taken a residence in it. In the spring of 1819, he was appointed a Clerk of the United States Court, which office he held for the period of sixteen years. The seat of government being removed to Vandalia, and the law requiring the Clerk of the Court to keep his office at the Capitol of the State, Mr. BROWN followed it thither in December 1820. He immediately purchased one half the proprietary interest in a Newspaper then published, and called "*The Illinois Intelligencer.*" This paper dated back to 1815, and was the first Newspaper ever established in the Territory. Mr. BROWN entered upon its editorial duties, and continued in that connection until February 1823. His partner in the paper was Mr. Wm. Berry, who was a member of the legislature of 1823; which legislature passed a resolution for a convention, to alter the constitution of the State, with a view to the introduction of slavery. The means by which this resolution went through the legislature, were of a very high handed character, which the reader will find somewhat illustrated on pages 52–3 of Ford's History of Illinois.

Mr. Berry voted for this resolution, while Mr. Brown the editor was against it, and denounced it in such terms as he thought applicable to the case. Having prepared an article for the paper, which exposed the scandalous measures by which the resolution had been carried through the House of Representatives, and having taken proofs of it, preparatory to its insertion, these proofs were surreptitiously taken from the office; and being read by the parties implicated, a storm was at once raised, such as is not uncommon, even in our day, when this same question of slavery is at stake. The usual rem-

edy for such impertinent boldness was at once proposed; viz. a mob, which should demolish the office, and send Mr. Brown about other business. Luckily Mr. Brown had friends, and his friends had pluck; and their rally saved the office. The paper containing the awful exposition appeared; and was deemed such an indignity to the august body whose doings it had censured, that a resolution was adopted citing the author to their bar. To this citation Mr. Brown declined to answer; giving as his reason, that the constitution secured the liberty of the Press; and so the resolution went over as unfinished business, and the wounded honor of the House was committed to the tender mercies of time for its healing.

The partnership in the *Illinois Intelligencer*, however, came to an end, by the sale of Mr. Brown's interest; and the paper advocated the convention—or in other words the introduction of slavery—for the next year. By some reasons, nevertheless, not made public, the paper was given into other editorial hands, some eight months before the vote was taken, and during that time, did good service in the canvass for freedom.

As Mr. Brown had embarked in the cause of freedom in the State, and had determined to leave it, should the folly of re-introducing slavery prevail, he now gave most of his time to writing and working against that policy; and did much toward securing the verdict rendered in the two thousand majority which forbid its establishment; for which we who now dwell here, and our posterity, will owe him a debt of gratitude and honor.

In December 1822, the subject of this sketch was married to Miss Harriet C. Seward, daughter of Col. John Seward deceased, then of Motgomery Co., Illinois. Mrs. Brown is the mother of four living sons, and one daughter; of whom three are now in active business, and two in the course of their education.

Mr. Brown removed with his family to Chicago in October 1835, having been appointed cashier of a branch of the State Bank of Illinois, which had been created here in the winter of 1834. This position he had accepted with some reluctance, under the impression that his previous pursuits had not been of a kind to give him that knowledge of financial matters, required in the charge of such an institution. In urging upon him the appointment, one of the principal stockholders remarked, that he possessed one qualification very necessary; in that he could say *no*, as easily as most men could say *yes*. As soon as the proper arrangements could be completed, the bank commenced operations, and continued as the only institution of the kind till the year 1843.

At the time of Mr. Brown's arrival in the State, its population was not over 40,000; and none or next to none of them lived north of the present limits of Bond County. When he came to this city, it was a village of about two years growth, and contained about 2000 people. All Northern Illinois was a wilderness, and two years later the whole north half of the State was included in one congressional district; and sent Hon. J. T. Stewart, of Springfield to Congress; electing him over his competitor Stephen A. Douglass, who on that occasion made his first appearance on the stage in pursuit of political honors. The writer of this sketch cast his first vote in Illinois against Mr. Douglass at that time, and made one of the five majority which defeated him..

The Bank prospered well under Mr. Brown's management, and might perhaps have been prospering yet, had the state of the country been any wise settled and healthy. But the serious derangements commencing in 1836, or rather back of that period, in the financial affairs of the nation, carried away bank, and business, East and West; and the Illinois State Bank did not escape. It suffered great losses, and these with adverse legislation induced the stockholders to wind it up. The Chicago branch suffered with the rest; for real estate was forced upon it in place of money. Yet in the aggregate, it was so managed that the profit and loss would have shown a balance on the right side.

In the conduct of such an institution, through times such as these, there were two things which it were impossible to secure together. One was the safety of the institution, and the other the good will of all the community. Every body was in a condition of

suffering, and wanted money, with an intensity that could take no denial; and the very urgency of the want, pointed, in no inconsiderable number of cases, to the very reason which made it unsafe to accommodate them. The Cashier of a bank must of necessity look to the safety of his trust. If he is faithful to that, no matter whether *no* is an easy word to him or not; he is forced to make the two letters which compose it, current in his institution. *No*, is not a popular word, with men who wish to borrow money, especially if they wish to borrow it very much; as those then did, who wanted to borrow it at all. Mr. Brown's peculiar qualification already mentioned perhaps conduced more to the safety of his trust, than to his popularity for the time being. But integrity and decision vindicate themselves sooner or later, and he has lost little in the long run. Indeed the men who supposed themselves to suffer from lack of a decision in their favor, would now often choose him as the very man to take charge of a trust of their own, had they one, requiring sagacity and decision united with integrity in its management.

The building, in which the bank was kept, stood at the corner of La Salle and South Water Sts.; and is well remembered by all the oldest residents of the city. It has only disappeared within the last four or five years.

While the bank was in operation, Chicago was confined principally to the vicinity of the river. The dwellings even, did not stretch far away from the center. In the spring of 1835 a three story brick building, probably 117 Lake street, was erected, and finished in the fall, and then filled with goods by Breese and Shepherd. It was the general impression that the stand was too *far from the center* of business, and would prove a bad speculation.

Mr. Brown has been a professor of religion in connection with the Presbyterian Church for many years. He sustained the office of ruling elder in that connection in Vandalia, and has held the office from 1835, or nearly the entire period of his residence in this city; and is as well acquainted with ecclesiastical, as with legal buisness. He has constantly been a stanch supporter of his own branch of the church; and a reliable helper in any thing properly claiming his aid in any other connection.

The first church edifice of the Presbyterian connection was erected upon the alley on Clark Street; between Lake and Randolph, on the West side of the street, where the firm of S. H. Kerfoot & Co. are now situated. The building fronted towards Lake St.; and a large slough run diagonally thro' the lot in front of the Church, which, on rainy Sabbaths, and in wet times, was bridged by benches from the church. The writer of this, has a distinct recollection of thus reaching the interior of this place of worship. This church, was at the time, the only one erected by any denomination; though the Baptist, Methodists, and Episcopalians, all had a church organization; and the Catholics had a small Chapel near the corner of Washington St. and Michigan avenue. A few families lived on the north side of the river, and a few stores of goods had been opened there. The town had no side walks; and mud of no very certain depth, was plenty, and easily reached. Nothing like a harbor existed; and vessels were accustomed to lie outside, and unload by lighters.

In 1840 Mr. Brown was appointed School Agent; an office which involved the care of the funds for School purposes in this city. His election was almost accidental; being by a majority of one only of the Whig party, with which he always acted. His acceptance was on condition, that his services should be gratuitous; and this very likely contributed to keep him in the office, at a time when party greed watched for every post of profit, however small, very much as hungry dogs watched for bones, without regard to their size, or the sort of animals to which they belong. Perhaps the city never made a more fortunate hit, either by blunder or design; for the state of our Schools hitherto had been most deplorable. The School fund was all unproductive; having been let for the most part, to parties who had failed to pay, either principal or interests. There were

no school houses fit for use, and the whole matter of Schools was in a decidedly helter-skelter condition. The real era of a change dates with the election of Mr. Brown to this office of School Agent. Confidence began at once to revive; for all parties even the hungry ones, felt that the fund *was now safe.*

It was no small labor to collect the scattered fragments of the fund, and put them in shape to be productive; but it was accomplished: and though Mr. B. devoted twelve or thirteen years to this business, in connection with his other affairs; loaning it out as it was collected, he never made an uncollectable debt. The Schools gradually assumed tone and character; suitable houses were built, and the system as it now is, gained shape and consistency.

At the time of his resignation of the office of School Agent, in view of his gratuitous services, the Common Council of the city passed the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, In the resignation of Wm. H. Brown, late School Agent, the community have lost the services of a faithful, diligent and meritorious officer; one who for the long period of thirteen years has bestowed a paternal care—to the fostering and judicious management of that sacred trust—the School fund; and

Whereas, Although the unsolicited expression of public approbation may not add one iota to the already established character of the individual, who is the object of it; yet we believe that a testimonial of this nature, may afford to any honorable mind a feeling of pleasure and gratification on retiring from office, with the unbiased verdict of well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Thereupon be it resolved by the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Chicago in Common Council assembled.

That we tender to Wm. H. Brown, late school Agent, our fullest expression of respect and approbation, for the correct and judicious manner in which for such a long period of years, he has fulfilled the duties appertaining to his late position.

Resolved, That in the economical execution and careful attention, with which the late agent has performed his official requirements, we have presented, for the future guidance of his successor an example well worthy of imitation; and in which we discern the very unusual occurrence of a public office being held by one individual for so long a period, more for the promotion of a laudable and praisworthy object, than for the emoluments attached to it.

Resolved, That for the more fully carrying out the intention of this Preamble and Resolutions, they be entered on record and a copy presented to the subject of them."

Mr. B. was one of the first Inspectors of Common Schools, elected under the city charter; and was in that Board for twelve or thirteen consecutive years. This Board of inspectors has been the instrument and agency; and in good degree the cause of our present School System. He was a constant and punctual attendant at its sittings, and a leading and influential member of it; and is entitled to his share of the credit of what it has done.

In the winter of 1846, in connection with a few others, Mr. Brown purchased the original charter of the Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road, from the Estate of E. K. Hubbard, Esq., then lately deceased. Measures were immediately taken to put on foot a working Railroad in the Northwest. A little piece of road had been built before Mr. Hubbard's death, but it was never worked, and went to decay. To start this Galena Road was an undertaking of no small labor. The country was poor: there were no Rail Roads anywhere in the West; and nobody had much faith in them, nor in fact in anything else. So completely had all confidence been wrecked, in the great revulsions of 1836 and onward, that nobody was willing to embark in any new scheme, either with effort or capital. The extent to which this was then true, cannot be conceived of now, by those who have no experience in that chapter of our history. This Galena Road was therefore looked upon as a very doubtful affair; and any amount of writing and cypher-

ing, and conventioning and speech-making, was necessary to get it started. The farmers in the country, who had felt in all their bones, as well as pockets, the need of some means of getting to market with their crops, were much more alive to it than our city property holders; who had saved what little they had out of the fire, so to speak; and who did not like to risk it again beyond their fingers' ends. But the farmers were poor and able to take but little stock; and as the citizens would not risk much, the road was begun on a rather small scale. Mr. B. became one of the largest subscribers to the stock, and is yet one of the most extensive of its stockholders. He has always been a Director of the Road, and is now its Vice President. He has therefore had ample opportunity to aid in giving shape to the policy under which that Road has been managed.

Mr. Brown was the very man to have a hand in that undertaking. Cautious to a degree verging on excess: knowing the full value of every dollar that passes through his hands: and constitutionally determined that every dime shall do its own duty, he was the very man to aid in the beginning of a road, without adequate means and without confidence, and carry it forward, step by step, to success. The first twelve miles of the road only cost about $6,000 per mile; but the first twelve miles told the story, for they showed that the road could be built, and would pay. This road has been the goose that has laid our golden eggs. It is the mother of all the rest in our Northwest.

Mr. B. is a man of capital. He had acquired a competency before his removal to this city, and since that time, with the exception of the perilous years succeeding 1836, has been constantly adding to the amount. He early became possessed of considerable tracts of real estate, which has of late, very rapidly enhanced in value. He has entered into no rash speculations, nor made any desperate pushes for fortune. He takes care of what he has; and adds to it when he can do so with safety. He has never entered so largely upon building as have some others, but has expended considerable sums in that way at one time and another. His late residence, at the corner of Pine and Illinois streets, North Side, he erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars, in 1836; and it was, at that time, considered the best house in the city. He is now building a residence, with front of Athens marble, on Michigan Avenue, to cost about thirty thousand dollars. As to his present possessions, he is not a man who makes any exhibition of his property. His answer to a question regarding it, was, that the inquirer would have "to guess as to the amount." Our guess therefore is, that it will not fall below $500,000, and may go to twice that sum, or even above that.

Mr. Brown is personally a tall, well formed man, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; with a keen dark eye, and hair once black as the raven, but now inclining to iron-grey. When young, he is said to have been a very fine looking man, and we can well believe it, for he holds his honors very well as yet.

Mr. Brown is a *giving* man; being applied to, perhaps, in aid of more charities than any one man in the city; and perhaps he answers to as many, or more, than any man. But he is not *naturally* a giver, for his *motto* is, to keep what he has; and his native answer to all applications, when that answer does not flow through the channel of his christian principles, would very likely be his easy *No!* His manner is often *brusque;* but his heart is kindly; and though he who comes to him for an object not wholly explained, may be chilled by the perpendicularities of a nervous impatience, which explodes suddenly: he has only to wait for the flow of kindness and good sense, which is sure to come, to be reassured.

Mr. Brown has the talent of good common sense; one most certainly of which the world has need, as fully as of any other; this, with his inflexible integrity, gives him a position in regard to trusts, both public and private, held by few men in our city. He is now in the midst of well ripened middle life, and yet in active duty—a large part of it connected with these trusts, of various kinds, put into his hands. We say of him, as Horace said of Augustus—we forget the Latin of it—but the meaning of it is, "Late may he go hence."

Yours Truly
J. Long Seamans

J. YOUNG SCAMMON, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch, J. Y. Scammon, Esq., was born in Whitefield, Lincoln County, Maine, in the year 1812. His father is the Hon. Eliakim Scammon, of East Pittston, Kennebec County, Maine, a man widely known and universally esteemed, and who, for many successive years, represented his town and county in both branches of the Legislature of that State.

Mr. Scammon's mother was the daughter of David Young, one of the first settlers, and most wealthy men in East Pittston. Mr. Young was a prominent man in the community in which he lived As a Jeffersonian Republican, he often represented his town in the General Court of Massachusetts, Maine having formed a part of Massachusetts until the year 1820, when it was admitted into the Union, as a separate state.

Mr. Scammon from childhood has had a fondness for agricultural and horticultural pursuits. He would have been a farmer, were it not that an accident deprived him, at the early age of ten years, of the full use of his left hand. Though this probably changed his occupation in life, it did not diminish his natural love for the cultivation of the soil, or destroy his taste for the beautiful and perfect, in all that relates to this truly noble occupation. When he resided at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Randolph streets, he had the finest garden to be seen in the city at that time; and he now preserves his beautiful garden, occupying a large portion of one of our city blocks, at his present residence at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Congress streets, although the grounds are among the most desirable and expensive property in the city for private residences.

Mr. Scammon received his literary education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Lincoln Academy, and Waterville College. He read law in Hallowell, in his native state. He was admitted to the Bar in Kennebec County, and immediately after started upon a tour of the States. He arrived at Chicago, in September, 1835, upon a cold and stormy day. He made the then somewhat more than unpleasant and hazardous passage of the Lakes, in the old steamboat Pennsylvania, which at that early period made a trip from Buffalo, by the way of Green Bay, to Chicago. On the passage of the steamboat from Green Bay to our city, a furious storm arose, compelling her to put into Washington Harbor, near Death's Door, at the lower end of Lake Michigan. Here she lay until the storm abated, provisions running out, and the passengers being put on a short allowance, in the meantime. Taking a fresh start from Washington Harbor, the storm again raged fearfully, and there was great apprehension of ship-wreck among the passengers and crew.

Arrived at Chicago, the steamer was compelled to anchor outside the bar, there being no entrance to the Harbor, except for vessels of a very small size. The passengers were landed in a boat, and made their way from the beach up to the old Sauganash Hotel, in a driving rain, through the tall prairie grass and deep mud. They found the hotel crowded, and a very large number of the inmates sick with the bilious fever. In fact, altogether, a more dismal and dreary aspect the town could not have presented. Coming from the beautiful hills of New England, and their bracing and healthy air, the town appeared to the new comer to be almost a dismal swamp; and his first impression was any thing but favorable to a location in it.

Mr. Scammon had letters to Mr. Henry Moore, who was then an attorney in the town. and deputy of Col. Richard J. Hamilton, Clerk of the Courts of the County of Cook. In a few days the weather cleared off, and almost as soon, the mud disappeared, and there succeeded one of those beautiful Indian Summers with which the West is so highly favored. Just as Mr. S. was about to leave town to continue his journey southward, Mr. Moore called upon him, and stated that the Circuit Court had just commenced its session; that his own business prevented his giving further assistance to Col. Hamilton, and that the gentleman that Col. Hamilton had employed in his place, had been attacked with fever. He asked Mr. S. if he would not assist Col. H. during the term of Court.

This was regarded by Mr. S. as a fine opportunity to become acquainted with the mode of practice, and the forms of legal proceedings in Illinois, and was at once accepted. He accordingly assisted Col. H., through the term; who finding that he was ready and at home in the performance of the duties of Clerk, proposed to ma e him his deputy, and, at the same time, allow him to "hang out his shingle" in the Clerk's office.

In those days rooms for offices were not plenty in Chicago, and the lawyers, being mostly bachelors, lodged in their offices. Mr. S. had endeavored in vain to find an eligible office, so he accepted Col. H.'s proposal, and established his office in the "North East Corner" of the Clerk's office, from which it was separated, not as often in early times in the West, were the places of the Bar, the Court and Jury, by chalk or coal lines, but by an imaginary one.

Col. H. then held about every office in Cook County, which he could legally hold. He was Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Clerk of the County Commissioners Court, School Commissioner, Recorder of Deeds, Notary Public, and Bank Commissioner. All these were held in a small Grecian building, erected on the North East corner of the Court House Square, which was subsequently enlarged and transformed into a Court House.

Mr. S.'s days were spent in this room, in the study of his profession and attending to the duties of clerk for Col. H. At night he lodged like other young men, in the same office. As he made acquaintances, his business increased, and in 1836; he entered into a copartnership with Hon. B. S. Morris. They continued together for eighteen months, and did a large and successful business. They then dissolved, and Mr. Scammon practiced alone for a year or more, when he formed a connection with Hon. N. B. Judd, the partnership lasting until 1847, when Mr. Scammon becoming greatly interested in the building of the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad, and wishing to give much of his time to railroad matters, he and Mr. Judd dissolved their connection, though they continued to occupy the same office.

When Mr. Scammon came to Chicago, it was a time of almost universal speculation. Nearly every one was rich; at least in prospect. He was solicited to speculate, but declined, on the ground that he liked his profession, and should be happier in practising it than in attempting to make a fortune by speculating. He thus was enabled to devote his time faithfully and unremittingly to the practice of his profession. His industry and promptness in paying over to his clients all monies collected—somewhat of a virtue in the early days of Western life—won him the favor of the community, both at home and abroad, and his practice soon became large and commanding. This favor, obtained by faithfulness and probity in the discharge of his business transactions in the outset of his professional career, has been of great benefit to Mr. S. in after life, and no doubt, to it, to a very great extent, he owes the stable financial credit which he now enjoys in Chicago as well as the Eastern cities.

Indeed Mr. S. has made it a leading principle, in all his business transactions, to promise nothing that he could not perform, and to work with the greatest possible zeal and ardor to secure the completion of that which he promised. His credit as a banker he regards as above every other consideration, both of profit and present standing; and he would sacrifice all he possesses, to preserve that untarnished. The business public are aware of this, and hence put great confidence in any monied institution with which he is connected.

Mr. Scammon has made great efforts to obtain a safe and reliable banking law in this State, which would be the means of preventing all recourse to the system of what is called "Wild Cat Banking," by which a number of irresponsible institutions are got up in neighboring States and Territories, for the purpose of circulating their irresponsible and irredeemable paper here. The law, as it heretofore stood, restrained and restricted the home banker, while it gave free license to the foreign institutions, which are responsi-

ble to no one, and which, at best, depend wholly upon the ability, or rather inclination, of the owners to redeem their promises. Mr. SCAMMON has endeavored to make our banking system of that character which would invite the capital of the best business men of this and other States for investment, at the same time that it would possess such guards and restrictions as would secure the public in the most perfect manner. Mr. S. has worked long and faithfully to this end, and hopes finally to be able to accomplish an object which has been one of the leading purposes of his life. The feeling against banking of all kinds which exists in some portions of the State, and which has been taken advantage of by the advocates of irresponsible banking in the northern part, has hitherto been the great obstacle with which Mr. S. has had to contend, but he hopes, in time, and by the aid of the growing intelligence and good sense of the people, to succeed in perfecting such a system of banking as will be a credit to the State, and of the utmost advantage to its inhabitants.

In 1837, without solicitation on his part, Mr. SCAMMON was selected as the Attorney of the State Bank of Illinois; and in 1839, he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court of the State, which office he continued to hold till 1845, when he resigned, on account of the press of his business at home. He was the first Reporter in this State that ever published a volume, and his books introduced an entirely new era in Western Reports. They were brought out in a style inferior to none, and superior to most of the reports in the Eastern States.

The writer might here properly state, that Mr. SCAMMON has ever taken a lively interest in public affairs. While being indefatigably occupied with the management of his private business, he has not allowed himself to be wholly engrossed in the labors necessarily incident to men of large and accumulative means, but has been, in one way or another, connected with most of the great leading undertakings associated with the progress of our state and city. He has, in fact, been among the foremost in contributing to the development of the resources of Illinois, and the advancement of the interests of Chicago and the surrounding country. A New Churchman, or Swedenborgian in Religion, which includes all great measures of useful and beneficent progress, he is himself progressive in sentiment, and conservative in practice. His motto is, and always has been, at least as long as the writer of this has known him, "Conservative Progress." Still into whatever undetaking he enters, he throws himself with his whole soul, and with all his might; and whenever he undertakes a project, he is indefatigable and persevering, until it is accomplished.

To the Hon. WILLIAM B. OGDEN and Mr. SCAMMON are the public specially indebted for the commencement of the Galena & Chicago Railroad. After the railroad enterprises which had their inception in 1837, had failed, and were abandoned, and all confidence in Illinois was lost by capitalists, when hope was nearly dead in the minds of our people; Messrs. OGDEN and SCAMMON counselled together upon the subject of railroads, and the Galena Railroad in particular. To induce the Michigan Central Railroad, which then hardly reached New Buffalo, to come to Chicago, and thus aid in extending railroad lines farther West, Messrs O. and S. went to Indiana, and spent much time in getting hold of and reviving the charter of the Buffalo and Mississippi Railroad, which possessed the sole power of building a road from Michigan City to the Illinois State Line, in the direction of Chicago. They had previously, on the opening of books for the road, traveled over the entire distance between Chicago and Galena, holding meetings, making speeches, and procuring subscriptions to the stock of the Galena Road. They were themselves among the largest stockholders in the company, and by their exertions and personal pledges of fidelity to the interests of the stock holders, they obtained stock enough to commence operations in the road; and it is not claiming too much to say, that but for them this great pioneer road in the West would not have been commenced till many years later.

In the commencement of the building of this road, Mr. SCAMMON devoted a large portion of his time, gratuitously, to the project. He familiarized himself with the details of the transactions of the company, and kept a strict watch upon its operations. Besides, to sustain the credit of the Company, he borrowed money more than once upon his individual name, and loaned it to the Treasurer, when the road had not sufficient credit to obtain an additional accommodation from its banker; nor even the confidence of a majority of its Directors, in their ability to go on with their enterprise. But the faith of the subject of our sketch was full and unwavering. Indeed, so great were the difficulties, and so numerous the disappointments in the outset of the operations of this Company, to which Chicago is indebted for so much of its material prosperity, that at one time, during the absence of Mr. OGDEN, all the Directors, with the exception of Mr. SCAMMON, the late JAMES H. COLLINS, Esq., and CHARLES WALKER, Esq., appeared discouraged at the prospect of affairs.

The labors and difficulties attending the early days of the history of this enterprise can hardly be realized at the present time. The country was poor; there was no surplus money in it; subscriptions to the stock of the Company could only be obtained in very small quantities; of eighteen hundred shareholders, the larger number held single, or not more than two or three shares each; while all the shares which were taken were subscribed for, not with a view to profit on the stock, but solely to aid in the enterprise. Mr. S. was one of the largest stockholders from the commencement of the undertaking, and when great efforts were requisite to keep up the credit of the Company, and to prevent its stock from greatly depreciating, he purchased freely of it, and was, by this means, at one time its largest stockholder. With a view, also, of procuring Eastern aid, he proceeded in company with Mr. OGDEN, to Boston, and had an interview with Eastern capitalists. There was at that period so little confidence in the West or Western enterprises, that they were very cooly told by one of the largest railroad proprietors in New England, that "Statistics amount to very little in influencing us. You must go home, raise what money you can, and when you can get no farther, come to us, and give us what you have done, and we will take hold of your road and complete it. You can afford to do this, the road will be of such immense advantage to your country." Mr. S. determined, upon the instant, that these prophetic wishes should not be fulfilled. He returned home, and by his exertions and caution contributed not a little to that careful management of the road, which ultimated in the success of the enterprise, and in establishing, in the minds of capitalists everywhere, the ability of Illinois men to build and manage railroads.

The success of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad is the parent of all subsequent railroad movements in this State. Had that enterprise failed, Chicago would not now count half its present population.

In the very momentous matter, to the present and succeeding generations, of establishing the free school system of Illinois, Mr. SCAMMON bore a very prominent and important part. There was no provision for absolutely free schools in Illinois when Mr. SCAMMON removed to the State, and for years thereafter. It required a great struggle to get through the Legislature a special law for Chicago, authorizing the establishment of schools by the Town; and the law was only passed on condition that it would be submitted to a vote of the people, before it became operative. When the vote was taken in 1836, the law was voted down. Its defeat at that time was probably caused by the large number of unmarried men, the greater part of whom were speculators in real estate, who were unwilling to have their property taxed for, as they alledged, the benefit of other people's children.

Mr. SCAMMON took an active part in getting up the first charter of the City of Chicago. It was partly through his efforts that provision for our present free school system was made in it. The schools first established under it were not, however, sustained by public opinion. There were few children in the town, most of its population being young people, and little interest was felt in the subject. The schools had thus but a sickly xistence, and were of very little value.

Mr. SCAMMON was appointed one of the Board of School Inspectors in 1839. The free schools were then so nearly extinct, that it was determined to suspend them, until they could be re-commenced under more favorable auspices, and upon a more stable foundation. Mr. SCAMMON took hold of the subject in earnest. He drafted new Ordinances and laws for the regulation and government of the school system, which were passed; and through him and his co-laborers in the Board of School Inspectors, the system of Common Schools, which has been so successful, and of such incalculable benefit to our city, was established on a broad and permanent basis. He remained in the Board of School Inspectors till 1845, when he was elected an Alderman for the First Ward. His election to this office was opposed by some citizens, who feared he was in favor of too extensive a system of public schools. The first school house—the present brick edifice on Madison street, east of Dearborn street—had been built under the direction of the Board of School Inspectors, in 1844. Much complaint had been made by residents of the North and West Divisions of the city, at the large expenditure; very many persons residing in the South Division, also denounced the cost of the construction of such a building as extravagant. Mr. SCAMMON determined to secure as large a vote as possible, in order to satisfy the public that "big school houses" were not unpopular. The consequence was he received more votes, and was elected by a larger majority, than any Alderman; up to that time, had ever received in the city.

When the new Council was inaugurated, the Mayor recommended that the "big school house" should be sold, or converted into an "Insane Asylum," and one more suitable to the size and wants of the city be built. It was supposed by the Mayor, that so large a school house would not be required by the city for a dozen years. Mr. SCAMMON was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Schools, in the new Council, and immediately brought forward an ordinance for building a large brick school house on the North side of the river, stating, at the same time, that it was the policy of the Board of School Inspectors to build another, on the West Side, the next year, and to build a new school house at least every year. The order was adopted by the Council, and the school house was built. The construction of this house was followed by that of the fine school building on Madison street, on the West side. Thus a policy was adopted, which has since been continued and improved upon by the successive Boards of School Inspectors, until our Common Schools have reached their present proud position and high state of usefulness.

In any mention of the Common Schools, however, the name of WILLIAM JONES, Esq. should not be omitted. For years, in their days of trial, he was one of their most devoted and efficient friends. He seconded Mr. SCAMMON's efforts and labors with great energy and zeal.

Mr. SCAMMON has always taken a warm and decided interest in politics. He was a Whig during the existence of that party, and for many years chairman of its Congressional, County and City Committees; and though often solicited, and more than once nominated for office, he was never a candidate before the people, except on two occasions—once when elected Alderman, and in 1848, when he was the Whig candidate for Congress in this District, which at that time was composed of seventeen counties, and overwhelmingly Democratic. Mr. S. received a very flattering vote, carrying the City of Chicago by a considerable majority, although his party in the city must have been in a minority of more than a thousand votes.

In politics Mr. SCAMMON also exhibited his progressive proclivities, having been always on the side of freedom and progress in his party. At the same time he was conservative in his action, preferring present good, when he could obtain it, to sacrificing everything to the abstract principles of right. For this reason, though his freesoil sentiments dated back before the great contest between Clay and Polk in 1844, he preferred voting for Mr. Clay, to throwing away his vote. In 1848, also, he advocated the election of General Taylor, knowing there was no probability of the election of a free-

soil candidate, and doubting the sincerity of purpose of Mr. Van Buren, who was supported by that party. In 1852 he voted for General Scott, although he preferred Judge McLean, who was his choice for President. In the late contest, he supported Colonel Fremont with all the ardor he was capable of, sparing neither his time nor money in the canvass. Mr. SCAMMON has always been inflexibly opposed to the extension of slavery into the territories, and he endeavored, in every way in his power, to divorce the Whig Party of this State from the Pro-Slavery measures with which a large number of its friends seemed willing to suffer it to be embarrassed. He contended that his policy in this respect was both just and expedient; and it is due to him to say, that if his advice had been carried out, the Whig Party in the Northern portion of the State, at least, and especially in this city, would not have remained so long in the hopeless minority in which he found it when he came to reside here. Many who afterwards claimed to be Seward, or freesoil Whigs, had previously to their sudden conversion—subsequently to the election of Gen. Taylor—opposed, with all their strength, the positions which Mr. SCAMMON took, and which had they been accepted and carried out by the leaders of the party generally, would have placed the Whig Party in a far better position before the people than it had ever attained.

Mr. SCAMMON was also among the first to perceive the tendency to the breaking up of old party lines in the country generally, and particularly in this City and State, preparatory to the present fusion of all persons and parties opposed to the spread of slavery. He suggested and procured the writer, many years ago, to furnish a series of articles on the subject, to a neutral paper then published in this city. These articles, and also other measures taken by him, had no small influence in breaking up party lines in the Chicago City Elections, and in the Northern counties of the State. Although a strict party man himself, as long as he could see any great good which the old Whig Party was capable of performing; still he believed in voting for the best men, and in many instances refused to vote for unworthy or incapable nominees of his own party. It may be proper to state in this connection, that Mr. SCAMMON, from first to last, has always opposed Native Americanism or Know Nothingism, in all its forms and principles. The writer well remembers the indignation of Mr. SCAMMON at an article which appeared in a paper in 1844, of which he was one of the editors. He had a portion of the edition of the paper which contained it suppressed immediately; the article gave great offense, however, as it appeared in part of the edition, and was made a great handle of by the Democrats at that time to the injury of the Whigs. Mr. S.'s principles of civil and religious polity are of too broad and comprehensive a character to accept for a moment the narrow and bigoted platform of that party, which of late has had, for a short time, such a prominent position in our national and State politics.

Mr. SCAMMON, in 1849, re-organized the Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company, an institution which had been chartered in 1836, as a monied corporation, but which had suspended business, although it never had suspended payment. He was one of the chief stockholders under the new organization, and the President of the Company. It commenced with a nominal capital of about $35,000, and an actual cash capital of not exceeding $25,000. Under his auspices as President, the institution has gradually increased its capital, and extended its business, until it has now an actual cash capital of half a million of dollars, and is the largest monied institution in the State.

Mr. SCAMMON likes to be a pioneer, judging from his past life. He was the first Swedenborgian in Northern Illinois; the first homeopath; and was among the first and most efficient organizers and supporters of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. He also established the first bank under the General Banking Law of this State—the Marine Bank of Chicago. He organized the Chicago Society of the New Jerusalem, when it had only three members, one other beside himself and wife. He also organized, in connection with three other gentlemen, the Illinois Association of the same Church, when there were probably not over a dozen Swedenborgians in the whole State.

Mr. Scammon possesses excellent business tact and management, which is evinced not only in his own prosperity, in the accumulation and investment of a large private fortune, but in the success of the many enterprises in which he was one of the pioneers. He was one of the original stockholders of the Galena; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and several other railroads. Though never a speculator, Mr. Scammon has become wealthy by judicious and prudent business habits. He is at the present time owner of large and productive real estate in the very centre of the business part of our city. His policy has been not to speculate, by running in debt, but to invest his surplus earnings, and thus reap the advantage of the steady rise of property by the growth of the city. To this policy, together with his industry and economy, he owes his present prosperous position, financially speaking. Mr. S. is a great advocate for the singleness of employments, nevertheless, his practice does not conform to his theory in this respect, as he is banker, lawyer, real estate owner, and has a large interest in railroads himself. It has been asserted by some—perhaps those too envious of another's prosperity—that accommodations from the old Illinois State Bank contributed to Mr. Scammon's wealth. This is a mistake; he never borrowed a dollar from the bank, or had any accommodation from it, or purchased a foot of land, or other property belonging to it, except at public sale, in competition with others. The only favor the bank ever did him was to select him as its attorney. He had no other connection with it.

In his profession Mr. S. has stood deservedly high, and at one time had the most lucrative practice of any lawyer in the city. In fact he has generally had more business than he could attend to, and of late years, his banking and other matters have demanded so much of his attention, that he has for the last two or three years given little time to his profession. In 1849 he took Mr. Ezra B. McCagg, who had been his confidential law clerk, for two years previously, into partnership, and they have since practiced together. He has always been a friend to young men, and has had a very large number of students in his office. These it has ever been his habit to accustom to the details of practice, thus grounding them well in the most important particulars in the profession. Thus he has been successful, in almost every instance, in making good practical lawyers of his students. The advantages of the thorough training received by students in the office of Mr. Scammon, is fully indicated by the fact, that of all the young men who have been under his supervision, not more than two have failed to turn out well.

Mr. S., like all men of positive principles, is decided in his opinions, still he is liberal and kind to those who disagree with him. Indeed a majority of the young men in his office, who have received his assistance, countenance and support, have been, in political opinions, opposite to himself.

Though Mr. S. has devoted himself for many years so arduously to the law, and also been deeply immersed in business, he has not forgotten his early love for literature and the fine arts. He continues still to cultivate it. He writes on political and religious subjects, gives public lectures, &c. In conversation he is entertaining, his information being general and varied, and his desire to impart it, a natural attribute of the man. He reads and speaks several modern languages with fluency, and continues his early study of the classics, to which he has always been drawn by his taste for ancient literature.

Mr. S. is blessed with the companionship of a congenial partner, a lady every way qualified to contribute to his happiness, and an interesting family of children, the oldest grown to a fine looking young man, who is receiving the benefit of as good an education as his father's means and position can afford.

Mr. S. still continues to work as heretofore, though less in his profession. To the question "Why do you not give up business?" he replied, "I have no right to do so. Use is the central principle of Heaven, and no one can be happy, except in the degree in which he is occupied in some useful employment."

Yours Truly
Charles Wathen

CHARLES WALKER, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch is a descendent of an old and wealthy English family of some note, who, in CROMWELL'S time, were portioned upon the Tweeds and called by the significant name of *Borderers;* members of which were among the earliest adventurers to this country, for we find mention made of his more immediate ancestors, as settlers in the Eastern part of New England, as early as 1640.

Col. WILLIAM W. WALKER, the father of CHARLES, is a native of Massachusetts. His father, who was a noted cattle dealer, at an early day moved his family to Ringe, New-Hampshire, from which place Col. WALKER emigrated at the age of 21, having little, or no capital, save his trusty axe and that hardy education which ever characterised the early sons of New England. Admiring the country of Central New York, he located in Plainfield, Otsego County, then but a wilderness. Here he became acquainted with a Miss LUCRETIA FERRELL, also a native of Massachusetts, whom he subsequently married, and with whom he has now lived upwards of fifty-five years. Though an Octogenarian, COL. WALKER is still in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, having in his life-time filled many important political stations, been prominent and active in the Church, ready to lend a helping hand to all worthy benevolent objects, and at the same time secured to himself a competence and the universal respect and esteem of his fellow citizens.

CHARLES is the oldest son of WILLIAM W. and LUCRETIA WALKER, and was born February 2, 1802. The country being new, as we have before stated, his educational advantages were necessarily very limited. To a new log school house, which a few enterprising farmers had built, the young lad was sent, at the early age of six years, to gain those elementary lessons, which have been turned to such practical account through a long life of usefulness. Inheriting a vigorous constitution, and withal an active and inquiring mind, together with uncommon dilligence, he not only performed an unusual amount of manual labor upon his father's farm, but made most rapid progress in his studies. Improving his advantages to the utmost during three months in the year, he studied with his teacher during the day, and with his parents during the long winter evenings. Though as a boy among boys in these juvenile days, his vigor of mind and decision of purpose was such, that notwithstanding his limited advantages, we find he was qualified for, and entered upon the duties of teacher at the early age of 15; and from that time forward continued in the same vocation during the winter months until he attained his majority, with uncommon success. He may well, we think, look back upon that era of his life, with peculiar pride and pleasure, as he now recognizes the names of many of his old pupils among the distinguished men, of the East and West. While thus engaged, then 18 years of age, he commenced the study of law, but soon found the sedentary habits of that profession not suited to his temperament, with the advice of his physicians he relinquished that idea and turned his attention to more active pursuits, we next hear of him riding through the country, during the summer months, making purchases of sheep and cattle for his father.

At twenty-one, his health being then much impaired, he resolved to enter the mercantile business, and to that end hired himself out to a friend as clerk for a short time, at the very moderate salary of eight dollars per month. It did not, however, require a long clerkship for him to become a complete master of that merchant's method of doing business, and in two months he had fully determined to start in business for himself the following spring.

In the spring of 1824, with $1.350 aggregate capital, compiled of $350 of his own private funds, $500 given him by his father, being in fact his own earnings, and $500 loaned of a neighboring farmer, he started for the city of New York, with no letters of credit, reference or recommendation; and the following May opened his store upon the economical plan of doing his own work, and soon after made his first purchase of grain. The next spring, when he went East to make his purchases, he made his first appearance at the Bull's Head Cattle Yard, New York, where the Bowery Theatre now

stands, with a fine drove of fat cattle. By close and judicious management business prospered till 1828. But shipping in the fall of that year a large amount of cheese, butter and pork, to a southern market, the cheese became damaged at sea, and through the mismanagement of agents, and the misapplication of funds, nearly all the accumulated fruits of four years laborious toil were swept away.

But by attending personally to the sales in New York, and the purchases at home, business flourished till '32, when a sudden decline in the price of provisions occasioned another heavy loss. But from 1833 to '34, large operations in all the leading products, attended by a steady and gradual rise, brought to a successful termination all his business operations. In the spring of '33, being in New York, he accidentally became a purchaser from a cargo of raw hides from Buenos Ayres, which he was enabled to obtain upon favorable terms; but upon getting them home, and finding they were somewhat injured and could not be turned into the New York market without serious loss, he hit upon the expedient of manufacturing them into boots and shoes, and disposing of them at the fall Indian payments at Chicago; in furtherance of which plan, his brother, Mr. ALMOND WALKER, was in due time sent on, who opened his assorted stock of guns, boots, shoes and leather, at Fort Dearborn, in the autumn of 1834.

By this adventure his attention was turned toward the West, where he soon saw and appreciated her undeveloped resources; and early the ensuing Spring—now twenty-one years ago—he was on his way to this city, with ready means, enlarged and liberal views, an extensive business experience and acquaintance, in the vigor of manhood, with a wide spread and favorable reputation at the East, to unite his fortunes with the destinies, and contribute his energies to the development of the unknown resources, of this, then lake shore village. Among his first operations here was the buying of several lots of real estate, among which was the purchase of JOHN S. WRIGHT, Esq. the corner of Clark, and South Water Street, in connection with Capt. BIGELOW, of Boston, and JONES, KING & Co., of Chicago, for the sum of $15,000, *cash*; which was considered by many at that time, a most visionary speculation. Some days subsequent to making this purchase, after reconnoitering in the country, he publicly avowed the then bold opinion that Chicago was destined to be the great city of the inland seas, and in test of his faith in this prediction, immediately set about making this city the principal point for his future operations. In May, '35, while on his way to Chicago, being detained at St. Josephs, there being no regular means of conveyance across the lake at that time, he made several purchases of hides from the flat boats and butchers' stalls for the Eastern market, to which were subsequently added purchases made in and about Chicago; this shipment, it is believed, is the first ever made from the State of Illinois to any point as far east as Utica or Albany.

The next year he established business in Chicago with the late E. B. HURLBURT, Esq., under the firm of "WALKER & Co.," upon South Water street, for importing implements of husbandry and household utensils from the East, together with a store of general merchandise, taking in exchange the various products of the West. During this period he was much of the time riding through the country, on horseback, as far north as Green Bay, locating government lands at the Four Lakes, (now Madison) Beloit, and other points on the Rock and Milwaukie Rivers.

The next year came the terrible financial revulsions of '37, when ruin and desolation swept the whole country, those who sat in the high places of wealth and affluence were drawn irresistably into the maelstrom of utter insolvency. Banks, like business men, came down with a crash, and the depreciation of currency produced ruinous confusion in the mediums of exchange. But MR. WALKER was one of the very few men, extensively engaged in business, who stood up against the storm; though he had to bring to bear his best energies and most expert financial skill, for maturing liabilities pressed hard upon him, and his name was largely endorsed upon the paper of other men; had not his reputation in Eastern commercial circles been of the best char-

acter, he would certainly have been swamped with thousands of others. But he found, in this emergency, that the relation he thus held as an important commercial medium between the merchant and artizan of the East, and the pioneer husbandman of the West, of immeasurable advantage. The extensive and favorable business reputation he enjoyed among the leading men and Banks of the East, as well as the confidence of the dealers of the West, enabled him to greatly enlarge his operations. To prevent the necessity of purchasing Eastern drafts at ruinous rates, he adopted the plan of purchasing the products of the country with the depreciated currency of the West, and made his extensive shipments of products the medium of exchange through which to meet his Eastern liabilities. Thus he was enabled to prevent the entire stagnation of business at home, preserve his reputation abroad, and in a few years of almost unprecedented vigilance and activity, to entirely overcome all his embarrassments.

The next year his firm purchased a few bags of grain of the surrounding farmers, which were sent to his mills in Otsego county, New York; this shipment of wheat, we believe, was the first ever made from Chicago to so Eastern a market.

During this period, though making Chicago the principal theatre of his labors, he was yet a resident of the State of New York, dividing his time nearly equally between this city, his home in Otsego Co.; New York City, and traveling on business. In '39 the famous struggle between the old Safety Fund, and the so-called Red Dog, or free banking system, was at its height. As a Representative from his native county he was sent to the Legislature. Carrying with him the same comprehensive and far-seeing views as a legislator, that ever characterized him as a business man, he was instrumental, in no small degree, in carrying through, though opposed by the great preponderance of the money power of the State, that deservedly popular system of redemption and exchange, which has since that time been in effect.

Each succeeding year his business in Chicago continued to increase, so that in 1840 his shipments had so much enlarged, that in the purchase of hides and skins alone, he not only exhausted his supply of merchandize, but was obliged to bring money from the East. In 1842, he established a partnership with CYRUS CLARK, Esq., of Utica, under the firm of WALKER & CLARK, for receiving Western produce; to bring himself nearer the chief point of business, he resolved to close out his affairs in Otsego County, and in May, 1845, he removed his family to our city.

In 1847 came the great crisis in the grain trade which carried down the oldest and best houses in the Union. Though not escaping without some most terrible losses that would have intimidated ordinary men; with a courage undaunted by reverses—with a nerve and will, equal to the emergency, his craft was guided to a safe anchorage from the fearful breakers that engulphed his less fortunate competitors; and his firm continued to hold its position as the leading grain and produce house in the West.

In 1851 it was found that C. WALKER & SON of Chicago, WALKER & KELLOG of Peoria, and WALKER & CLARK of Buffalo, were the largest purchasers of grain from the farmers in the United States. So that the few bags of grain, which in 1839 were sent on their eastern journey and the few bushels of 1824, had in 1851, grown to 1,500,000 bushels.

At this period a severe attack of that malignant disease, the cholera, destroyed his health and compelled him to leave the financial management of the business to his oldest son, who continued the same under the firm of C. WALKER & SON and C. WALKER & SONS till 1855, when he retired from the business altogether, leaving it to his two sons and others, who continue the same under the firm of WALKER, BRONSON & Co., prosecuting the business with all the vigor of its founder; this firm have, during the past year, handled over *five and a quarter millions* of bushels of grain, an amount, we think, which will bear comparison with that of any other establishment in our own country or in Europe. Mr. WALKER retires, we understand, the oldest grain merchant in the Union, having steadily remained in one of the most hazardous speculations in the world over thirty-one years. Acting upon the principle that he who can so cheapen and

make efficient the avenues of trade, as to bring the productions of the country so much nearer a market, that the farmer can receive but one penny more the bushel for his grain, brings millions to his country, he feels amply repaid for the great risks he has run; and whatever benefit may have accrued to himself, that he has rendered an ample equivalent to those whom he has served.

While thus engaged as a pioneer in his own peculiar business he has been none the less efficient in promoting works of public utility. Prominent in all those great schemes which do so much towards developing the resources of the country, he has ever been one of the foremost in opening up and turning to account those great thoroughfares which vein our broad prairies, and wind their deep channels through our hills and valleys, and which, with each throb of animated industry, quicken into life new avenues of trade, turning their accumulated wealth to swell the commercial tide that has so strongly set to the heart of our western metropolis.

When the Galena Rail Road was resuscitated, in 1847, Mr. WALKER was chosen one of its Directors. He entered into the project with all his heart. In its gloomiest days his faith never faltered; his confidence in the ability of the country to build the road, never failed. When it was found that more subscriptions were necessary, he, as one of a Committee for soliciting additional subscriptions, traversed the country westward, and as far north as Beloit. His courage never wavered. When, in its darkest days, at a meeting of the Board, all confidence seemed to have departed from a majority of the Directors, he, with two or three others, remained firm in his confidence that the work would go through without failure. "A Committee of the Believing" was appointed to take measures to prevent immediate disaster, composed of himself, J. Y. SCAMMON, Esq., and one other. Their measures were successful; and when, on the return of its President, Mr. OGDEN, from New York, it became necessary that the Directors should become individually liable for a large sum of money, to secure the iron to lay the first division of the Road; Mr. WALKER did not hesitate to be among the first to do so; and to the credit of the Board, be it said, that all the Chicago Directors, but one, pledged their individual liability for the progress of the work. Mr. WALKER has remained in the Directory from the first, taking an active part in the construction and management of the road.

In February, 1856, the enterprise of pushing forward, across Iowa the counterpart of the GALENA RAILROAD, was projected; and the CHICAGO, IOWA & NEBRASKA RAILROAD was organized, having its eastern termination at the young and growing town of Clinton, on the western bank of the Mississippi. Of this company Mr. WALKER is one of the main directors and its president, and if the work be prosecuted, and who doubts it will, with the same sound sense, and untiring vigor that has characterised the whole life of its President, what better guarantee could be given of its ultimate success?

Though now ostensably retired from business, and impaired in health, he still stands foremost among the public-spirited men who seek to blend schemes for their own advantage with plans of the greatest public utility. During the past summer, he has, in connection with others, erected and put in operation at Beloit, Wis., an excellent paper mill and a large reaper manufactory, and from a superior quality of clay upon his own farm in Morris, Ill., he has commenced the manufacture of "Green Mountain Ware," expecting, in time, to supply Chicago and the North-West with a quality of stone ware equal to any in the United States. He is also largely engaged in farming in the interior.

Animated by the conviction, that he who does the most towards opening up and diffusing the great channels of trade, so that the poor man's labor will gain a level with the rich man's capital, is a practical philanthrophist, he has been in theory and practice a thorough utilitarian. In private life a plain man and thoroughly democratic, he recites the incidents of his boyhood and early struggles with a degree of well-earned satisfaction, and none is more ready in every consistent way, with kind words or material countenance and aid, to cheer onward honest and persevering industry. From the first a

faithful and influential member of the Church and most exemplary man, we think we do no injustice to any other citizen to say, that while we are frank to concede there are others who have added to themselves greater wealth, to none is Chicago more indebted for her unexampled prosperity than to him.

In closing this brief notice of one so highly esteemed, we may fitly add the words of another: "In the internal improvements which have done so much to develop the exhaustless resources of the State—in Rail Road enterprises, which have poured a flood-tide of wealth and business into our commercial metropolis of theNorth West, in every public work, whose intention and effect was to build up and promote the healthful growth of the city, he has ever been in the foremost rank of public spirited men. In short, taking into consideration the varied incidents of his active life, his indomitable perseverance and industry, and the financial ability he has exhibited, Mr. CHARLES WALKER has had few equals and no superiors, as a skillful business man and a good citizen."

THE ASTROLOGER.

The blue waters of the great Michigan lay sparkling in the starlight, and myriads of lights were dancing to and fro on the wavelets, born of the soft embrace of the twilight breezes and the crystal flood. No sound broke the mighty silence, save the gentlest whisper of the zephyr in its wanton caress of its star-gemmed mistress, and the measured plash of a solitary oar. Far out upon the bosom of the lake in a frail bark the nightly watchers saw a human form, dark as the shades of night, but with an eye bright as their own burning fires, a reflex of the divinity within.

Now the birchen canoe became a thing of seeming life, as it shot like an arrow towards the shore; and anon it paused, and the oars lay idle. and the sable occupant looked up and counted the stars that blazed above him, and an invocation, chanted low and sweetly, rose from his parted lips—

"Oh! Acyone, mighty ruler among the spheres,
Look down with glorious radiance on thy child;
Wanderer from the islands of the sun-lit sea,
Through these Northern realms so broad, so wild.

All over earth I know there yet lie hidden
Gems of the mighty future not unfolded,
I come, as mightiest orbs my course had bidden
Ere this poor being was by nature moulded.

Point out the germ spot where the mighty nations,
Shall gather forces, as the heart rules being,
And call to life the infinite creations,
Shadowed by these starry eyes the future seeing."

Again he bowed himself to the oars, and arrow-like the frail bark sped to the shore.

A little river wound inward, inward; as though the lake had forgotten the great law of attraction which the ocean is continually enforcing. "It is going backward,' said the Astrologer, as he suffered his little canoe to be drawn in by the sluggish current. "This seems like a reversion of nature's laws; and yet, it cannot be, for all move on in harmony. I will follow and see whither it may lead. Only a gentle sweep, as though the lake had gone out to meet the river; how strange! how deep! Ah! hither shall mighty ships come, I see it now; here shall the storm-winds be baffled; here shall commerce, the crimson life-tide of the nations, find a new and vigorous pulsation. O, thanks! thanks! ye infinite powers, I have been led hither by the mighty stars; the light of their eyes hath been my guide, and I have found one of the germinal spots of earth. Here will I cast the horoscope of a mighty city, I will fore-read the hidden destiny, that I may see in the far future, from the regions of the infinite read by page as it unfoldeth to my vision.

"Yes, blessed is he who readeth the future, for he shall join with the orbs of light to aid in its unfolding. He shall question destiny aright, and in that, lieth the secret of joy and sorrow. Blessed is he who is permitted to ask the first question from the Book of Fate, for all answers that follow must be shaped by that first interrogation."

"Thus geometry taught me—that he who first asked a question of a square, and took from it an angle, determined what remaining answers the square should be able to give. All reflex is only an answer to the first propulsion which becomes a question answered by the second. Would that men could read the law and apply it wisely. But to the stars; let me look up and read the mighty lore."

"Thus, thus! let me understand the confluence of light. Let me mark the angles at which the highest influxes will occur. Men little know the laws of light, nor why the stars have so long been questioned in regard to destiny. Light is the great interrogator of the universe, and we judge of the answers it will elicit by the angles of incidence. Thus the sun questions the earth at all angles less than a right angle, to call forth the answer of vegetation, the order of verdure, of flowers, of fruitage. It questions at obtuse angles, and cold and storm-winds answer, and fleecy clouds gather blackness, and snow, and the voice of a tempest answer back the interrogatory. Oh light! light! Thou great eye of the Infinite! Look kindly, beamingly, on this new germinal spot of earth, and let the life called forth here be only a reflex of thy direct and loving appeal, even as a mother's look of love blesses her child. Let the mighty city, which shall yet spring up here, I foresee, from the great confluence of the rays commingling here from countless orbs, bear fruits of the highest manifestation of the divine principle concentered in man, the child of matter and of highest spiritual force."

"Man is the microcosm. In him center all the laws of the Universe, and hence he may question the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, while they also question him in return, and evoke the mysteries of his power. How significant the first question whether propounded by a star or an atom? The magii of old believed, and thus it hath come to me through long ages, that some star proposed the first question to humanity at the moment of birth; and hence, predetermined the infinite succession of answers that must follow."

He drew a square upon the sand with one of his oars, and cutting off the outer angles, arranged the twelve houses of fate, just as the astrologers of Egypt, his mighty ancestors, had done for the Pharaohs of old.

In the East he set the house of life, in the West the house of death, in the North the house of fortune, in the South the house of honors. "A star of the first magnitude among the nations!" exclaimed he, as he marked the concentration of lights in the celestial scheme. Lo! the sun from the East in the sign Taurus, marks the strength of life, I foresee the mighty forces of being, evolved, with a power and rapidity before unknown. Tides of life inflowing from distant orbs, foretell a mighty destiny; new lights which have not yet been absorbed by earth, are conspiring with the mighty ruler of the heavens, to bring into being, forces that man hath not hitherto controlled, and these shall minister to the myriads that shall gather here. This lake shall see ships walk its surface like things of life, breathing with iron lungs, which send the heated life-tide like the purple tide through human veins, to propel the almost conscious enginery, and those mighty leviathans of the deep, shall bring hither the people and the wealth of all nations as willing tribute.

All over the mighty praries, that spread out like another ocean, gemmed with flowers, the foot-prints of angels, shall these myriads pass, but the city shall be the great palpitating heart, through which the life-tide shall incessently pour, for renewed utility and force.

"Iron muscles shall yet bind it to the world around. The great lake shall be wedded to the ocean with an iron ring, and iron nerves shall thrill in sympathy with the remotest nations of the globe. Ships laden with the fruitage of every clime shall enter through thy portal, Oh! thou mighty water; and the children of the West shall bring hither their tribute, and the gateway shall yet be opened even to the Pacific shores.

"Gemini, in the house of thy children, over which the genial influence of Jupiter presides, indicates the multitudes of thy

offspring, and the wisdom which shall fall upon their heads. But let them beware, for the rays of Saturn also commingle, inciting to craft and to avarice, and the eyes of the star of pleasure look down upon thy sons and daughters with luring smile.

"Blessed shall they be who shall learn to question avarice aright, and make it yield a willing tribute to the infinite capacity of humanity. Oh, Jupiter! thou benign symbol of wisdom, look thou kindly upon the Saturnine children that may flow hither from among the nations of the earth and teach how their energies may be questioned aright.

"In the house of riches and honors and chief dignities, Arctus, from the northern heavens, looks down with strength on the nativity, and even Saturn lends his most benign rays to aid the influence which Jupiter sheds upon his favorite, while the Sun, ascending to the zenith, looks with eyes of love, that call forth all the wealth and power, and grandeur of being.

"And not until the great orb shall sink forever below the mighty deep shall thou, Oh, city of destiny! enter the house of death, and thy life shall cease only with the life-pulse of the nations."

The Astrologer bowed himself to the earth, and while the night-dews fell upon his crisped locks, a dreamy trance enfolded him as a mantle, and the centuries unrolled before his clearer vision.

He saw a rude cabin rise before him upon the soft, green turf, and rude implements supplied the means of life to one who appeared in outward guise like himself. He walked like a faint shadow of the past, and a dim dream of the future between the shores of of the mighty ocean of prairie, and the dancing billows of the lake; but poor Au Sable knew not how to question their mighty energies. He stood there, a single interrogation point, able only to ask of the garden a little maize, and a few vegetables, and of the water a tribute from its finny tribes.

"Oh! for more powers with which to question nature!" sighed the entranced sleeper. At last a hunter came. He was a bolder, aye, and a more subtle interrogator. "Strange," whispered the Astrologer, "how like a coiled serpent some of these interrogation points become. But they question, and they will be answered." A shudder, a groan of anguish escaped him as he watched the results of the questions, propounded to appetite and passion, by the serpent Cunning; the answer of fire, of ashes mingled with blood. He writhed in agony for a moment as he muttered, "yes, even so, when the reptile asks nature of her powers, it only obtains for answer, poison with which to envenom its sting—for thus only does it question."

The smouldering ashes drank up the blood, and the vision was again unrolled.

A man whom the higher necessities of being had taught to question nature more uprightly, at length pitched his tent upon the sands, and his household gods were in time gathered around him. In the old garden of the nation, where the choicest germs of humanity had been planted, and braced by northern winds, and inured to a sterile soil, that they might bear transplanting to the utmost ends of the earth, he had learned how to question nature, and to comprehend her answers. In him the seer beheld the human might that should endure through ages, for the answers that his questions should call forth, would place his posterity among the mighty.

Like a germinal spot in a seed, around him gathered more and more of the vital energies that encompassed him, and the shores of the lake resounded to the tread of human feet, and white winged ships, like huge birds, danced on the bosom of the deep.

On—on—rolled the vision. Homes rose in the green waste. The smoke of the daily household offering ascended to heaven. Temples arose—some consecrated to mammon, some to knowledge, some to the spirit of worship, and some to sensual pleasure. Nature was questioned by humanity in a myriad of ways; but too often the serpent, the prone creeping elements in man's nature, performed the interrogatory, and the answer corresponded to the question.

In the public mart, men bought and sold for greed more than for use. They did not

ask whether their commodities were demanded by the highest good of being, but whether they could question man's desire, and stimulate his energies to bring them gold. For, said they, "If we do not thus question their appetites and passions, others will, and get the golden answer."

Hence these sad victims, whose lower natures had been thus made to answer unlawful questioning, became unable to answer the nobler questions which science and art, ministering to true prosperity and virtue, had designed man to answer, as the first question proposed by hunger to all his productive energies. So the rich man's gold had to answer to questions of theft, and beggary, and prostitution, and sickness and prosecutions, and prisons, and poor-houses. He complained of the tax, but forget that it was his first question to human passions, that had led to their subsequent questioning of his substance.

Perhaps he silenced the questions of his conscience by again repeating, "If I had not done it some others would."

He entered the schools and found that the teachers were little more skillful. They fed appetites before they were hungry; they gave answers before they were questioned; and the disciples sat before them like poor dyspeptics at a costly banquet. They were hungry, but they could not eat such viands as were set before them. They wanted to see forms; to know about things; to become familiar with the elements around them; every fibre of their young bodies yearned for symmetrical development; but books were thrust into their hands, and silence was enjoined when they longed to question, and their deep-loving sentiments were suppressed by stern rule. Oh! how hard, and formal, and unquestioning these poor disciples came from common schools and college halls. The sum of their learning consisted in having disciplined themselves to ignore nature, and to spurn her holiest teachings. So man, as the first interrogator, asked of woman, beauty as the outward symbol of health and love. Woman's answer became more feeble according to the falsities of the questioner, till at length, instead of clasping her to his bosom as a companion, strong in her love, glorious in her self-abnegation, clear and cultivated in intellect, and beautiful as an appropriate outward answer to all questions of inward grace and harmony; he encountered a bundle of hoops and crinoline, beflounced with silks and laces, from the midst of which peeped out a painted face, decorated with artificials, and perfumed with the "odor of a thousand flowers." And of these, the great question of questions was to be asked; the life, the strength, the virtue, the glorious aspirations of the ages! Could it find incarnation through such as these?

'Just heavens!" groaned the Astrologer, as he turned in agony, "Oh! where is the primal word locked up, that shall ask of these poor gewgaws the mighty question that shall open their human souls, and fill them with a divine hunger."

He imagined himself wandering among the haunts of men, and seeking among all the schools for that primal word of power. Lawyers talked of equal rights, doctors told him that health was the magic word. He entered the charmed circle, and spoke with the voice of authority, but only a few responded to the question of rights. Rights involved duties, and they were too feeble to desire them; they should stagger and fall under the burthen.

Then he pronounced the mystic word Health. A few, and they, the children of toil, responded blushing to the invocation, but the rest turned away in disgust.

Then he entered the temples dedicated to the Most High. Surely in their sacred teaching, among their royal priesthood he should find the word of power which he sought. They were busy about creeds, and building churches whose spires should reach the skies, and they had begun to emulate the world in its pomp and pleasures, and worldliness sat in the seat of humility. Yet had they done more than all others to question humanity aright, but even they had forgotten the primal word, and could not answer his agonizing appeal.

"Oh! city of my desire," he cried, "where shall I find the mighty question which shall bring back health, peace and purity to my

beloved." A little child looked out of the window, and lisping said, "my mother!"

"Mary, mother of Jesus, pity us," repeated a poor crippled beggar, as he passed by on the opposite side.

Then he remembered that Jesus was the son of Mary, and that her answer to the angel of annunciation had been: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." And thus, through one mighty question proposed to woman, the Son of God came to earth. It was not a question proposed to the outward forces, not a question to health, nor to intellect, nor to power; but the sublime question was to her as mother, whether it should be her crown of suffering and glory to become the natural and spiritual parent of those who, like their elder brother, the gentle Nazarine, should be the spiritual children of the Lord Almighty.

He looked at the beautiful child, whose eyes of blue and curls of gold seem borrowed from the angels. "My mother," again lisped the child of beauty, and the Astrologer passed on with the primal word on his lips. "It was God's first question in the scheme of redemption; it must be the first question in all social institutions. He gave it to the lawyer, and bade him use it in remodeling laws; he gave it to the doctor, and bade him use it in restoring health; he gave it to the minister and bade him use it as a charm to drive out pride, and envy, and worldliness; he gave it to the State as a purifier from all unjust institutions.

Then came back glory and strength, and beauty to the children of earth. Then home became the sacred spot, the holy of holies to the life of man; the mother became the priestess through whom knowledge, purity and power descended to the earth. Intemperance, pollution and poverty were soon banished, for then society came to consider that she who had borne a child, whether in a manger, without any recognized legal paternity, or is the honored wife of the highest, was now, and henceforth must be held sacred from all profanation, because she was to be the mighty questioner of a human soul, and all its answers must thereafter accord with her first questionings. Society now for the first time understood the cost of questioning woman falsely. Then it was revealed to his interior comprehension, why Christ was not born after the manner prescribed by human law, else could not all the outcast children of humanity have been drawn to him by the bond of universal sympathy.

Slowly, slowly the glory of the fair city now unfolded. All occupations began to answer to the primal wants of man. A new splendor gathered around it, and he saw its golden glory like that of the new Jerusalem as it came down from God out of Heaven.

It was the sheen of the waters called forth by the rising sun, that thus glimmered upon his awakening senses, and the Astrologer awoke to ask the first humble question of the spot where now stands this mighty city.

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* THE SALT LAKE VALLEY AND ITS PEOPLE.

"Visa est enim mihi res digna consultatione, maxime propter periclitantium enumerum, Multi enim omnis aetatis, omnis ordinis utriusque sexus etiam vocantur in periculum et vocabunter."

C. Plini Caecili Secundi Epistulae xcvi.

During the last session of Congress while the attention both of government and people was engrossed by most serious political affairs, there arrived at Washington the bearers of a new State constitution, soliciting the admission into our union of the distant territory of Utah. The request then made was hardly noticed amid the

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* 1. A Report of the Exploring Expedition to Oregon and North California in the year 1843-4 by Brevet Capt. J. C. Fremont; Washington 1845.

2. The Mormons; London, 1851.

3. The Great West (Vol. II. Arts. 44-5,) H. Howe: Cincinnati, 1853.

4. Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, by Howard Stansbury, U. S. A: Washington, 1853.

5. The History of the Mormons, by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison; Philadelphia, 1853.

6 Utah and the Mormons, by Benjamin G. Ferris, late Secretary of Utah; New York, 1854.

7 Die Mormonen, von Moritz Busch; Leipzig, 1855.

conflict of exciting events, but a question soon to be decided upon is, Shall Utah be admitted. The interest always felt in this strange region and its stranger people, becomes more intense as the hour of decision draws near, and may render not out of place some remarks upon the Country, History, Religion, and proper disposition of the Mormons.

Some two thousand miles directly west of New York and twelve hundred from the far inland St. Louis: separated by more than three hundred leagues from the advanced settlements of the States, and by near two hundred of lonliest travel from the nearest towns of Oregon, California, and New Mexico; high up in the valley of the Sierra Nevada and Wasatch mountains, lies the "Fremont Basin," now with some margin of surrounding country, beter known as the Territory of Utah. It is a vast elevated plateau "of an extent," says Humboldt "scarcely to be met with in any part of the world,"* finding its parallel only in the heart of Asia, the country of the Azoff and Caspian and the Titicaca Basin in South America. Of an extent variously and vaguely estimated at 128 000, 137 000, and 250,000 square miles; walled in by snowy ramparts of mountains, and lying at its lowest elevation 4200 feet above the level of the sea, it is complete in itself, with its own systems of rivers flowing into central lakes, and having no communication with the ocean. In the north-east corner of this basin and at the western foot of the Wasatch mountains lies the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, if valley it may be called, isolated from isolation. Upon the north lies the easternmost of three *sections* or terraces of Oregon, a region of broken and barren mountain spurs, incapable of furnishing sufficient food for a sparce Indian population, and offering no inducements to the settlement of the industrious white man. To the eastward is the higher plateau of Inner California, lying 6000 feet above the level of the sea† between the Wasatch and the Rocky Mountains, with little exception, also sterile and untenable; and the hundreds of miles of untimbered slope stretching from the foot of the Rocky Mountains to the Western settlements of the States and including the northern portion of the Great American Desert. Southward are vast tracts of mountainous arid and desert country, extending through the Territory of New Mexico and peopled by treacherous tribes; and on the west a salt plain whose hundreds of miles of absolute desolation, show only "a crow and a grasshopper" in a day's march.* Add to this, that for five months in the year accumulated snows fill the canons and elevated passes of the mountains and forbid all travel, and it is not wonderful that until late years little save vague and exaggerated rumor was heard of this lonely region.

Baron La Hontan, Captain Stansbury informs us, in 1689, during uncertain wanderings westward from the upper Mississippi, heard accounts of "a salt lake three hundred leagues in circumference," and more over of "six noble cities" of the Tahuglauk. Humboldt, in his Views of Nature, (page 207,) deems it probable that the *Great Salt Lake* of Fremont's map (Lake of Timpanogos as laid down on his "great map of Mexico, executed in 1804,") is identical with the Lake of Teguayo the ancestral seat of the Aztecs. It is possible that the etymological resemblance between the Tahuglauks of La Hontan's informants and Humboldt's Teguayo might lead to a final identification of both with the Great Salt Lake; but to return.

"Father Escalante," says Humboldt, "in his wanderings from Santa Fe, del Nuevo Mexico, to Monterey, in New California, discovered Fremont's 'Great Salt Lake' in 1776, and confounding together the river and the lake called it Laguna de Timpanogo." So it is named on the old maps.

There follow fifty years of silence. It was not until the year 1824 that Wm. H. Ashley, a fur trader, penetrated into this region and founded an Establishment one hundred miles south-east of the lake. This Establishment was, after the collection of many furs, abandoned about the year 1830. The imperfect and unscientific observations

* Views Nature; Bohn's edition, p. 34. Guizot's Earth and Man.

* Captain Stansbury.

of superstitious trappers, however, rather increased the mystery, and the veteran hunter by the wilderness camp fire beguied the evening hour and entertained his less experienced comrades with strange legends of the lonely and weird salt sea. It was said, among other things, that there was a fearful whirlpool in its midst, through which the else overflowing waters found a subterranean outlet—a belief by the way which Lieut. Gibbon found to prevail among the South American Indians in regard to Lake Titicaca as regards a subterraneous outlet.*

It was not until the summer of 1843 when the daring and adventurous Fremont broke into the charmed circle with the appliances of modern science, and by subsequent travel, encircled the entire basin, that any definite idea was had of the appearance and character of this isolated region, which a peculiar people have since populated and made their own.

It was a day to remember, that bright autumn morning when the explorers launching their frail inflated bark, pushed out into the clear green waters,

> "the first
> That ever burst
> Into that silent sea;"

If we except not the mythical La Hontan, Tahuglauks, who in old years clove the literally "barren foam" with boats, "in which two hundred men may row." A day to remember—with its clear blue above, and its rugged horizon peering over piled masses of mountains, white with eternal snows. A scene most impressive—that desolate lake—its bared shore of shelving beach or lofty promontory—its naked islands rising high above the heavy brine in austere grandeur of undraped and rugged gray rock, with no sign of life upon land or wave, save the scream of flocks of wild fowl seeking their secluded island fastnesses:

"*Apricis statis gratissima mergis.*"

The night brought a more fearful gloom. "The silence of the grave was around us, unrelieved by the slightest sound. Not the leaping of a fish, nor the solitary cry of a bird was to be heard, as in profound stillness the boat moved on, plunging her bows into the black and sullen waters. As we passed within the shadows of the obscure and frowning mountains, the eye was strained in vain to catch some evidence of life. The sense of isolation from everything living, was painfully oppressive. Even the chirp of a cricket would have formed some link with the world of life; but all was stillness and solitary desolation."*

Such we may conceive to be the appearance of the Great Salt Lake, a body of intensely salt water, 130 miles in length, and from 70 to 80 broad, according to Secretary Ferris, but 70 miles in length according to Lieut. Gunnison, whose figures are more probably correct. The length of the shore line (291 miles) given by Captain Stansbury, in his report accords better with this last statement as well as the dimensions by Humboldt of 60 miles in length by 40 in width. Owing to the shallows and flats, however, any exact estimate of the size of the lake seems exceedingly difficult.

The country surrounding the lake, is exceedingly diverse in its character. To the north swampy and low; on the east along the western foot of the Wasatch range for a length of three hundred miles, and a breadth of one or two, irrigated and highly productive; on the south above the "alkaline barrens," very fertile in the valleys of the Jordan and Tuilla. But on the west a traveler along the barren plain, might deem himself in some land of necromancy. Desolation broods alike over arid earth and dazzling sea. The gigantic shapes of the mirage stalk across the horizon in shadowy awfulness. Fairy islands of matchless beauty rise, cool and green before the distempered imagination and fancied lakes, float in the dim and unattainable distance. But of actual vegetable or animal life, there is scarce anything. The region seems accursed. There is but one like it, and that lies sunk deep in the bosom of old Asia, beside the cradle of the human race,—the dread site of the Cities of the Plain.

The Climate, Soil and Productions are scarcely less anomalous. For five months in the year, hardly a drop of rain falls, and

* Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon. Part II. Page 101.

* Captain Stansbury's Report.

for five more the snows lie thick upon the mountains. The great elevation of the valley—4200 feet, and the lofty and snow capped mountains of 8,000 and 10,000 feet high, which surround it, render the climate far from equable. Cold winds from the high snows bring down unseasonable frosts and chill midsummer. Capt. Fremont found ice every night through the month of August. The close approximation of hot and cold air frequently results in destructive hailstorms and violent winds, which as is said, sometimes bear the spray of the Lake into the city—a distance of twenty-two miles. Great diurnal variation of temperature is caused by the presence or absence of the sun's rays. The naked masses of rock reflect an intense heat whilst shone upon, but as suddenly lose it upon the withdrawal of the sun's rays. Captain Stansbury, during his survey, found that the cloudy days and nights of summer, required great-coats and fires for comfort. The atmosphere is light and during some parts of winter remarkably clear.

The soil of the valley is composed "chiefly from the disintegration of the feldspathic rock, mixed with detritus of the limestone," exceedingly productive when irrigated, but too porous to retain water through the long summer droughts. A narrow margin along the western foot of the Wasatch Mountains is sufficiently irrigated by streams from the melting snows, which presently disappear and leave a barren and dreary waste of shore. Volcanic products pervade the soil. Hot, warm, and cold springs, gaseous, alkaline, sulphurous and chalybeate are numerous along the base of the hills; often in such close proximity that one may thrust his hands, the one into a cold and the other into a hot spring. Near the Bear river there is said to be a hot sulphur, a tepid salt, and a cold fresh spring within a space of thirty feet in diameter. Alkaline salts pervade the regions, poisoning the waters of some springs to such an extent as to destroy cattle coming to drink, and even effloresce upon the surface of cultivated lands, whitening the ground like hoar frost and destroying the crops.

From these facts it appears that Agriculture will meet with some serious obstacles in Utah. The quantity of arable, that is, of irrigable land is small, and irrigation is expensive even under favorable conditions. Crops liable to injury by late frosts in spring and early ones in autumn, such as Indian corn cannot be raised with profit. The efflorescing alkalies burn up sometimes, and often injure the grain crops and deprive the pie plant of its acidity. On the other hand, this soil when irrigated yields readily sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, and by drilling a single bushel over three acres of land, "the enormous yield of one hundred and eighty bushels" was produced. Potatoes are produced in like quantities and of excellent quality. The same is true of melons, squashes, beets, and other roots which are improved by alkaline products in the soil.

As a grazing country, it can be more generally used. "The valleys" says Lieut Gunnison, "furnish perennial pasturage." The hill-sides furnish the bunch grass only during the warm months of the year." But the "perennial pasturage" of new countries is seldom of long duration. The superfluous growth disappears as grazing increases and the winter supply fails. Whether this will be the case with the notable "Bunch Grass," remains to be seen. This germinates in autumn, grows under winter snows and drying on the stalk in spring, remains in that state a self-cured hay, nutritious and sweet through summer. A grass, similar to this as regards autumn germination, is said to be found on the bottom lands of Southern Illinois.

Of other indigenous productions, a few are worth of notice. The following edible roots and forest trees are mentioned by Fremont: The "Sego" (*Calochortus Luteus*) a bulbous root about the size of a walnut, very palatable and nutritious and much sought for by Indian and White man:—the "Kooyah" or Tobacco Root, (*Valeriana Edulis*) "the principal edible root among the Indians inhabiting the upper part of the streams west of the mountains," of a bright yellow color, strong taste and odor, poisonous before being baked in the ground for two days, but then

" full of nutriment ;"—the " Kamas" (*Camassia esculenta*) having somewhat the taste of preserved quince;— the Nut Pine, (*Pinus Monopyllus*) bearing a nut oily, agreeable, and very nutritious :—wild flax :—a large thistle (*circium virginianum*) of edible root : together with limited quantities of cedar, pine, dwarf maple, oak, cotton wood and aspen, with great abundance of Artemesia or " Wild Sage." Wood, both for firing and building is very difficult to procure. It is found in the deep gorges and canons of the hills, and must often be transported from ten to twenty miles. The prevalent adobe of Spanish America is used, however, in the construction of houses, and rock and coal are abundant when made accessible by railway.

The animal life of this valley is even less various than its vegetable. Rabbits, Antelopes and Deer, Bears, and Panthers are found among the hills. Trout are caught in the swift running streams of the canons, and Pike, Bass, Perch, and Chub in the more quiet waters of the plains. No living thing is found beneath the waters of the lake; but innumerable wild fowl—Pelicans, Geese, Brandts, Teal Ducks, Cranes and Herons—abound upon the islands and furnish as yet game, and boat loads of eggs to the sporting saint. Numerous species of the lizard and locust tribe, swarm upon the land and furnish loathsome subsistence to the miserable " Digger ;" whilst the atmosphere of the lake teems with minute and troublesome insects, and its shores are heaped with insectile exuvial accumulated in immense masses. But of all, most painfully curious, is the miserable Digger, the lowest type of the Indian race. "Dispersed," says Fremont, "in single families : without firearms, eating seeds and insects; digging roots (and hence their name :)— such is the condition of the greater part." Devouring lizards and crickets—every reptile and worm they can lay hands upon— to appease hunger, without courage or reason sufficient for self preservation ; hurrying away at the approach of man with side-long glance behind, like a wild animal ; starving through winter in caves or miserable huts, and crawling out to banquet ravenously on the very grass of spring time, their whole faculties seem concentrated on the satisfaction of their immediate wants, and to range no higher. "Others are a degree higher and live in communities upon some lake or river that supplies fish and repulse the miserable Digger." But the whole aboriginal population is sparse, needy and degraded, almost below human conception of fellow man.

As regards its geological character, the country is made up of " metamorphic rocks, consisting of talcose, and mica slate of hornblende rocks, and a few specimens of granitic or sienitic character. These metamorphic rocks are " distinctly stratified and highly inclined." Upon these rests a coarse conglomerate or sandstone, which supports in turn a carboniferous limestone, abounding with fossils, especially corals. Iron and coal are found, though at some distance from the lake, and there is some gold near the California borders. Slate is found, suitable for roofing, upon an island of the lake. Alum and saleratus are natural products, and salt may be easily manufactured from the intensely briny lake, which furnishes 20 per cent. of pure chloride of sodium, while that of the New Well at Syracuse, contains but 17.35 per cent.

Such is the Salt Lake Valley into which the Mormon immigration began in 1847, now near ten years ago. Of their origin and the sequence of events, which led them thither, as well of their strange theology, more hereafter.

GETTING AHEAD.

Some people imagine that success in life is a lottery ticket that happened to draw the prize, or a good hand in a game cut by mere accident. But a peep into the chronicles which Time is constantly inditing, and which he sometimes employs me in writing out for him, will convince even the most skeptical, that there is method in success as well as in some people's madness.

Why ! just look up the street, and read the signs on the shops, and every one would head a history full of romance, if all the incidents and ante-incidents connected with the struggles, the failures and the success o

of that business and its present manager could only be photographed in clear light.

Supposing we play clairvoyant for an hour, and read a page under the heading C. B. Dale & Co., Booksellers and stationers. May be we haven't read the name right, for our spectacles are a little blurred, but it doesn't matter about the name if we get the history. And if we should make a trifle of a mistake in dates and facts, its all the same if we get hold of the main plot of the story, and show in our moral (we shall be sure to have a moral and a good one,) that as the poet said,

"'Tis not in Fortune, not in rank,
'Tis not in wealth like London Bank,"

to give a man success. But we must not give our moral now for that would render the story quite needless, and the moral is sure to be needed as much as the name under some peoples' portraits.

As I was saying, (I may not read dates quite correctly, but if I see distinctly,) it was about eighteen years ago last summer, that Charley Dale used to be seen in the Capitol City of one of our then western states, engaged of a morning feeding poultry in the back yard of his Uncle's premises, milking cows or tending baby for his Aunt's especial benefit; though we fear baby sometimes found occasion for a sharp remonstrance when too long committed to his guardian care. For though Charley is to be our hero, we must admit he was just the least bit of a rogue. Charley was an adept in turning somersets, walking on the fence, hopping backwards on one foot, making kites and balloons with which he gratified the soaring aspirations of half the little boys in town, greatly to the inconvenience of the cook, who declared he used up oceans of paper. Occasionally he turned limner, and got up pictures of elephants, and other marvelous beasts, which he traded for pins, thus early developing the spirit of traffic which indicated a leading trait of character. Delineating the elephant too, is still a favorite game as some of his friends might testify. But you know the poet's declaration

"The child is father of the man."

He always managed to be on the best terms with his teachers for, rogue though he was, and up to all sorts of current mischief, there were two leading traits of character that always brought him through a favorite. He would never tell a falsehood to secure favor or success; we hope our glasses will not lead us to think his moral sense is at all blurred. It would be just like them, and, there they shall be wiped clean on this silk pocket-handkerchief. Where were we? O I see now. He wouldn't tell a lie, on any account, and he would get his tasks just as thoroughly then as he attends to business now. That was what his mother had taught him, his gentle widowed mother, who had given up her youth and beauty as a holy offering to her children, laid upon the altar of daily toil. She had coined her life blood into bread for their sustenance; and her aspirations for personal success had all been forgotten in her prayers for her dear ones. The angels bear such holy worship to the Highest, as the purest oblation that mortals can offer.

She had been trained in New England, that primary school of American life, from which the candidates for success are pretty sure to graduate with honor. Mrs. Dale had left New England because she was poor and homeless, and the West held out fairer prospects of success in maintaining independence for herself and children. The bread of dependence, however generously offered, was too bitter for her to eat while her own energies could supply the means of subsistence. Teaching and sewing had been her resource till her eldest son and daughter were no longer dependent, and then an honorable and responsible station in one of the public Institutions was tendered her and her daughter. It was accepted, and Charley undertook to earn his board by assisting his Aunt in the nursery and assuming the responsibility of tending the chickens and milking the cow. He managed to secure a small revenue from several of the neighbors for driving up their cows which fed in the same pasture with his Uncle's. His performances in bringing them from the pasture, would have elicited the admiration of the best trained gymnastics in the land.

Sometimes he rolled over on his hands as though they were the spokes of a wheel, sometimes he turned a somerset in the grass, startling the old crumpled horn who seemed determined to have the last green spire by the wayside, and then coming to his feet, he would bring the cows all into file and then hop backward on one foot by way of variety. Eevery motion was faught with the grace of exhuberant life, and touched with the nicest shade of character. He never soiled or tore his clothes by his tumbling; the last somerset being made on the last patch of green grass near the city, and his walking became exceedingly proper before he reached his Uncle's gate.

"There is character in that performance," remarked one gentleman to another as they followed him at a little distance. "That boy knows what he is about every time. He never soils his clothes nor tears them, but sport he will have in the cheapest way. I have watched him for a week and he never forgets himself. I am going to try and secure him for a clerk."

"What that morsel of humanity! He wouldn't lift Webster's Dictionary without endangering his toes."

"Never fear. He would invent some method of getting it in place if it were twice as large as himself. Depend upon it, he has that genuine yankee endowment *tact*, and that is the secret of success. He is the son of a poor New England widow who has come out west to earn her bread independently, and she has taught her boy his first lesson in self-reliance and propriety, with a thoroughness that none but a New England Mother attains. He brings the cows, tends the chickens, and nurses the children for his Uncle's folks—to pay his board, and I think he would prefer larger business. Here he comes. I am going to see what he will say for himself."

Mr. Howard was a bookseller who was just transplanting himself and his business to the West, and he knew full well the value of New England training; for his own energies had been developed through the necessities incident to that rigorous climate and ungenerous soil.

"Well Charley," said he, "how would you like to be a clerk in my store?"

The boys blue eyes glowed like flame as he looked up with surprise and joy mingled in his countenance.

"I should like it very much indeed sir," said he, his diminutive frame swelling to its utmost capacity. He was but little bigger even then than Tom Thumb. "Could you come to my room in the morning and get the key to the store, and unlock it and sweep it out and dust the counters before my breakfast time?"

"Yes sir," was Charley's decided answer. "Well then, ask your uncle and if he is willing you may come to-morrow morning and see what you can do."

"My uncle has nothing to do with me," was his emphatic reply. "I shall ask my mother and she will let me come I know. I am tired of tending cross babies," he added with a swell of importance.

Before sunrise the following morning Charley knocked at Howard's sleeping room and called for the key. When he came in he found his store swept and dusted and arranged in the most perfect order, and his clerk awaiting the advent of customers with all the importance of a man of business. At the sound of a footstep he was on the alert, and Howard amused himself by watching the tact and ready apprehension of the lad in finding out the secrets of trade without seeming to be ignorant of anything connected with his new avocation.

Arrangements were soon made with his mother and the boy commenced his apprenticeship with a determination to master every detail. Here was the beginning of his career, and that beginning would not have been made but for the New England energy imparted from his mother. He had early learned to be truthful, honest, and self-denying, and his mother's word was his law. The key to many a glorious career is simply early discipline through Toil and Want, angels that minister to us in sad disguise, but in the end we learn to know them and to bless their kindly ministrations.

The new business throve well for the employer in the hands of his clerk, who seemed

to call about him a spirit of activity, and as people say to attract all sorts of fishes to his net. He never forgot a lacking book that was twice called for, nor failed to offer for sale those that had too long cumbered the shelves. Fortunately for after life, Howard was a man of thorough business habits himself, as well as a person of comprehensive judgement in reference to the world of trade, and Charley, from his indefatigable efforts to succeed, in a few years became a full confident in all his operations.

The publishing business offered to Howard such inducements that he finally removed to a larger city and added this as a supplementary business to his already prosperous establishment. Charley was gradually inducted into all the details of publishing and selling at wholesale, and finally rendered himself so thoroughly master of every department of the business that at twenty-one, Howard made him general overseer in both departments whenever he found it necessary to be absent, and gave him a salary of a thousand dollars per annum.

He had never forgotten mother or sister, and his love of acquiring money had grown strong through his desire to relieve them from all hardships, though it had not eradicated his natural generosity. For them no sacrifice would have been too great had they required it, but now they were above want and he could lay the foundation of his own future.

Charley had a crony whose sir name too, was Dale, and he had a sister attending boarding school in an adjacent village. The rules forbade the young ladies receiving attentions from gentlemen, and none but their relations were allowed to visit them. So Harry, who had drawn largely upon the credulous fancy of his chum in regard to the angelic beauty of a certain "Blue eyed Mary," generously volunteered to smuggle him in as a cousin who had every right to see his sister. Mary was not aware of the plot, and had kindly yielded to the entreaties of her friend to stay and be just introduced to her brother, but when she saw a stranger, she darted away across the garden, displaying a wealth of brown ringlets and blushes that forever sealed the fate of our hero. He caught a glimpse of her white muslin bonnet as he went out at the gate like Adam driven from Paradise. Whether he wrote sonnets or not doth not appear quite clear to your Clairvoyant, but he became powerfully effected with the beauty of the scenery of the country, and often walked there of an evening for the benefit of the fresh air, so much more salubrious than in a populous city.

Sometimes he peeped into the paradise from which he was so unkindly barred, and sometimes his cousinly devotion proved a passport with Harry through the gates into what seemed to him a celestial city. At last by some magical incantation, or legerdemain of some sort, he got Mary to cast a kindly glance or two upon him, and then he grew so bold as to write. What a luxury to watch at twilight for a full half hour, by the wall that shut in the desire of his heart, just to throw over a dainty effusion, penned with the utmost care, and receive a little three cornered note in return.

Mary was an orphan, and that rendered her still more charming, and increased his indignation at the "ogress," as her most excellent teacher was so unjustly denominated. I trust he has long since repented of such flagrant injustice.

But Mary's imprisonment was relieved by one annual vacation, spent with her dear old grandmother a little out of the city, and this was duly improved by our hero. Here the vexed current of true love began to grow smooth under the kindly indulgent eye of the dear old grand mother, who looked with favorable eyes upon the youth, and permitted Mary to treat him with cordiality.

It is said that if matches are made in heaven, some people have few friends there. But Charley was evidently a favorite, for up to this time, there had scarcely been a ripple in the silvery tide of love on which he then embarked with Mary. She was the heiress of a small fortune, but that he held sacred, and refused to merge it in his own. She was little more than a child wife when he took her to the little cottage

he had hired, so that they might enjoy the truest luxury of life, a home. But she had such womanly ways, and entered upon her new duties with such a desire to become a skillful housekeeper, that all went on harmoniously. He loved music, and birds and flowers, and these little graces of life shut out a multitude of temptations to evil.

Business was all the time promptly attended to. He never had to apologize for late hours on the score of a late breakfast, nor to stay at home and tend a sick wife, who had been made sad and heartsick by finding that her husband was no longer her lover. (Stick a pin there, for I have unintentionally torn a hole in the vail that covers society.)

After a few years he began to think of business on his own account. He was conscious of a capacity sufficiently matured to warrant such a step and spoke of it to his employer, who offered to raise his salary, which had already reached fifteen hundred, to two thousand a year, but he declined. An acquaintance had proposed a copartnership which he thought advantageous, and he resolved to test his own ability in the management of business. He removed to another city, rented a store; by a little forecast secured the whole building for a term of years, and by renting what his business would not require saved half the ordinary rent. He selected his stock of books carefully, secured the best clerks, established a system of perfect order, and then with his customary vigilance looked out for trade. He had been faithful to his employer, and it was an easy matter to serve himself as devotedly. Here is where some men have failed. They have served others with so little fidelity that they do not know how to serve even themselves.

Charley Dale had laid all his plans for opening correspondence with country merchants, and thus establishing a wholesale business, when the news suddenly came that his partner had died of cholera. This was for a time a sad recoil. He had but little capital for so large a business as he had opened, and he dreaded to involve himself in debt while there was the least shadow of uncertainty.

Gentlemen who apprehended his talents as a man of business, offered to loan him all that he might require, but he chose to remain independent of obligation. A friend with whom he opened a correspondence accepted a partnership on the terms proposed by his former partner, and his business went on without any interruption. At the close of the year, not a book remained upon the shelves which he brought on at the commencement of his business, so there was nothing to be deducted from the profits of the sales for dead books. The first dividend showed the partner's share equal to his investment.

The next year it was doubled by his untiring energy and ceaseless vigilance. Now, after the lapse of a little more than four years, the sales amount to more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

I suppose you think that by this time he has forgotten birds and flowers and music, and that Mary has quite forgotten her pride in her little domestic cares.

No such thing. He comes home and waltzes with his little daughter while mother plays on the piano, enjoys a game of horse with Charley junior, whistles to the mocking bird, crows to the baby, and stirs up as musical and agreeable a confusion generally, as though his business only amounted to a thousand a year.

I stopped in a few evenings since to make a friendly call. We sat in the parlor for a time, and I remarked that they kept the same neat unostentatious furniture that graced it four years ago, but they had added a few costly articles, as well as a multitude of little gems of art that looked wonderfully like love-tokens from Charley to his blue eyed Mary.

I had hardly examined and admired them all when he said, "Come, let's go to the nursery and see the babies." I followed, and there, all lapped in the arms of slumber lay the rich man's choicest treasures.

Bless me, I nearly forgot the moral, but may be you can make it out if you are good at guessing; if not, I will tell you the secret. His success was not accidental, but has resulted from thoroughness, energy, and a happy home.

A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

On one of the hottest days of last July, it was a great relief to leave behind the dusty, sweating and roaring city to enjoy the fresh bracing air of the lakes, snugly quartered in the apartments of good Lady Elgin, as noble a matron as orders her floating palace upon the inland seas. Happy the passenger who, as the receding city sinks down from his view, leaves buried there his feverish cares, and now surrenders himself to healthy recreation. That stranger party mutually survey each other's person, dress and general deportment, taking estimate of the character and social position of their fellow voyagers. Soon by indirect address and mutual admiration of the scenery, the ice of ceremony is broken, and we feel almost like a family, and the trusty, courteous Captain seems already like a father. Now, pace the deck, expand your lungs, drink in the inspiring gas, as it presses upon you in the breeze. Now, the weather, the trip, the company, and now politics in its all engrossing relation to slavery are the topics of remark and discussion. What a little world we are, afloat out of sight of land, the bright blue sea all around; here are home, comfort, families, civilization, children, and good living, for the geese and turkeys below occasionally squalk to inform us they are on hand for many a good dinner.

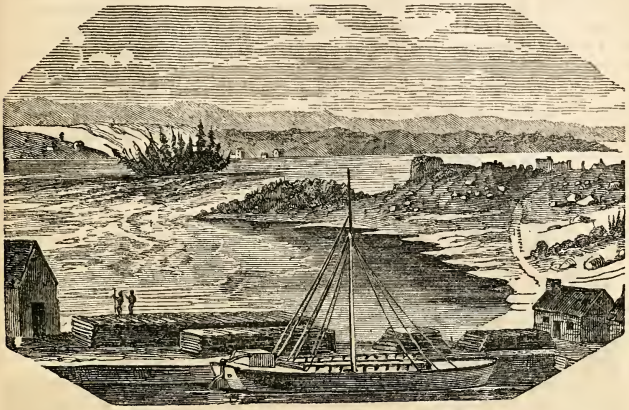
Straits of Mackinaw.

Thirty-six hours of sail have borne us over the mighty waters of Lake Michigan, and we now realize the wise Providence which has placed in the center of our Continent such fountains of purity and fertility, for without them this great internal basin would be a desert, dismal with barrenness and disease. And still the King of Lakes is before us, superior to all.

Passing through St. Mary's river we saw the necessity of the appropriation which President Pierce vetoed, and Congress passed over him, as we found the steamer Superior and two sail vessels aground upon the "Flats," a wide shallow expansion of the stream. The rapids no longer forbid the entrance of vessels into the great lake above. A noble ship canal, one mile long, the workmanship of which is magnificent, has been constructed along the shore of the Falls, which now brings the vast region washed by the Superior into connection with the Ocean. Sault St. Mary, at the Rapids, is a curious, little, old, decayed village, that has been growing for two hundred years, since the Jesuits there planted a station, and gathered around them a motley group of Indians and half-breeds. This is most of the population now. The dress and physiognomy you see, and the language you hear

in the streets, seem to place you in a foreign country.

The making of the canal gave a temporary flush of building and business, but there is but very little thrift left. They have no lands under cultivation in the back country, and no mines. On our return while the boat was locking through the canal, several of the passengers tried the hazardous experiment of going down the rapids in a canoe. They went down safely; but a short time before several persons had been drown-



Sault St. Mary.

ed in the same undertaking. And lying by there a while, the natives gathered around the vessel, in fantastic costume, and had a regular Indian dance with singing and the banjo—a pow-wow indeed.

Fort Brady partakes of the spirit of the place, its houses dilapidated, the cannon-carriages rotting in their tracks, and a petty squad of foreigners for soldiers hardly deserving the name of a U. S. Garrison.

Here we saw as a specimen of the dignity of manhood; two soldiers mounted astride a huge cannon upon its wheels, facing each other, with their thick woolen over coats on under a burning sun, their feet and hands tied below and above with a paltry tow-string; and this was maintaining the discipline of the U. S. Army for leaving premises without permission, just as certain of the "Fustest families of Virginia," in delapidation, have to keep up appearances by the aping of gentility.

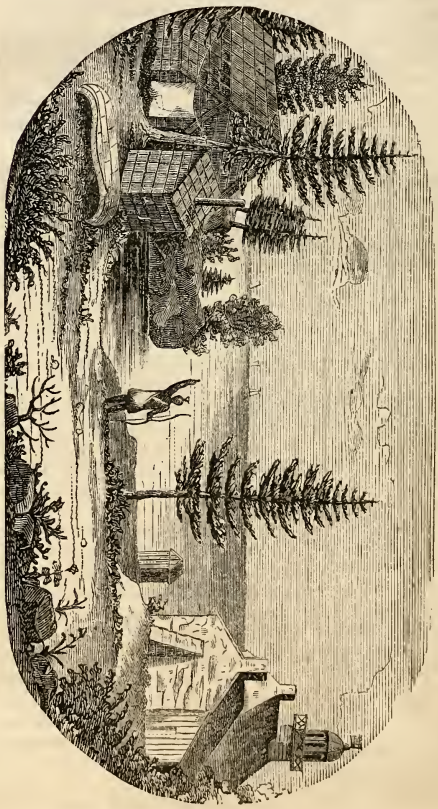
Opposite this place, on the Canada side, is an old trading fort in good repair, and also a Military post furnished with a few men, who are upon no unfriendly terms with their brethren of the military post on this side of the river.

As you enter the Superior you are struck with the exceeding clearness of the water, such that you can see the bottom at great depth, every fissure in the rock, and every glittering pebble; and the reflection of the heavens from below seems not flat but *concave*, the apex resting upon the bottom of the lake.

The first one hundred miles of the Southern shore is a drift of sand, nearly white, soft, perfectly bare, at some places rising immediately from the lake shore a naked wall from thirty to three hundred and sixty-six feet high, called the Grand Sable. It is very strange that such shifting sand should stand up in such a bank; and when the sun shines upon it there is a peculiar glow of richness and beauty, the bright silver sand in contrast with the dense green foliage of the forest that stands in the back ground.

Next came the Pictured Rocks, a range

of sand-stone wall, perpendicular from the waters edge, two hundred feet high, extending for many miles, the top of which is not a mountain or a ridge but a plateau, covered with thick woods and occasional swamps. Once in a while a ravine occurs, studded with trees, and here and there sturdy pines force their roots into the crevices on the face of the rocks. Iron rust has exuded and run along down the surface of the wall. Once in a while, avalanches of stone have slid down and been broken into irregular shapes. An enormous cavern had been worn into the rock with a beautiful arched passage way, one hundred feet high, large enough to receive a schooner in full sail. As you look into the cave, rays of light are seen crossing it, admitted through a side arch which pierces the butment of the caverns. As we sailed by, for miles this huge mouth of the Mountain Rock, opening to drink from the lake, presented various magnificent appearances. With the sun shining upon these rocks, together with the effect of the iron rust and the trees, they present a great variety and gorgeousness of pictures, such that you can hardly dispossess yourself of the idea that they are reality. Here are the ruins of an old city with dilapidated walls and relics of former greatness, with here and there an antique house standing upon the debris, having windows, doors and chimneys and even the curling smoke. Then a Temple is seen in a receding portion of the shore, of immense proportions,—with colonades, gothic windows, doors, and towers, and on each side of the temple a massive tower stands with threatening port holes, looking upon the temple as if to guard it. And there a two-masted schooner, in full sail with foresail and main sail spread in due form and position, driving among the rocks. But a melancholy interest will hereafter attach



EAGLE HARBOR

to these beautiful rocks from the fact that a vessel, the staunch old Superior having parted her rudder in a furious storm in October last, was driven resistlessly upon them and broken to pieces, but very few on board being left to tell the story.

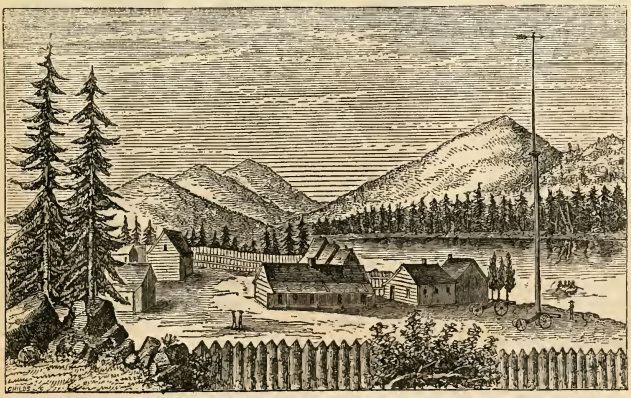
Marquette, named from the Romish Missionary, one hundred and fifty miles from the Sault, a pleasant flourishing village, embowered in native forests, with its neat church and school-house, is the shipping place for the iron mines. These are fifteen miles back, from which the ore is transported to the village by a horse railway. And here is iron enough to supply the world for thousands of years. Hills rise up two hundred feet above the adjacent land, which is several hundred feet above the lake. The process of mining is very simple. Just scrape off a few inches from the surface of the hills, and there is the iron, not in veins, not in drifts, not in shafts, but in a solid *mountain* of ore. Put in a single blast and tons of fragments are ready to be shoveled into barrows, to be wheeled a few feet and dumped into the rail car standing along side.

These hills extend forty or fifty miles, covered like other hills with drift and trees, literal mountains of iron, the immensity of whose wealth would stagger the loftiest imagination. Behold here the magnificent scale of the works of the great Creator. In what gigantic laboratories were these metal hills prepared? This ore is of the purest kind, yielding 75 per cent of pure iron, and is of the very best quality, said to be tougher and stronger than iron from Russia. The ore is transported to Cleveland and Pittsburg for smelting, as there is no coal here, and labor very high. And yet those mighty forests might furnish charcoal enough almost to smelt those solid mountains.

Upon the whole Southern shore of 500 miles there is one unbroken scene of rough hills, rising rarely above 200 feet, covered with pine timber in dark green foliage, in deep and solemn tranquility, undisturbed by the clearing of a single farm, and only spotted here and there with the little mining villages upon the water brink.

The northern shore is much more rough and jagged, cliffs sometimes rising in wild grandeur 600 to 700 hundred feet. Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor and Eagle river are small towns upon Keweenaw Point, each of them shipping places for copper. At Eagle Harbor is Fort Wilkins, now abandoned by the U. S., and used for a water-cure boarding house, which is very well managed.

Of the 200 copper mines that have been opened only 25 or 30 are now worked, and only *two* pay a dividend, but these have had splendid success, these are the Cliff mine at Eagle River and the Minnesota, 20 miles back from Ontonagon, the largest village

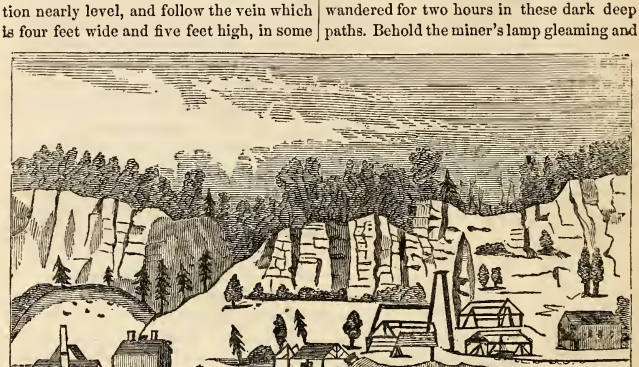


Fort Wilkins.

upon the lake, at the mouth of a river of the same name, upon which the copper is floated down for shipment.

Let us go into one as a sample of the rest, the Cliff Mine, at the South eastern and precipitous base of a range of hills running the whole length of Keweenaw Point, for miles back from Eagle River.

Now off with your nice garments and put on this dirty stiff, uncouth Miners' suit, and don't be afraid of soiling your dignity.—Follow the guide to the hole in the ground, and down after him by a ladder fifty feet. Now you have come to a drift, an excavation nearly level, and follow the vein which is four feet wide and five feet high, in some places much larger. The rock is cut away and there lies the pure copper in masses from one to three feet thick, and from three to twenty feet long, which is cut into pieces, such as can be handled, by the cold-chisel driven by a pair of sledge hammers, and then run out on a real "under-ground rail road" to the shaft and there elevated to the surface by machinery alone. Now follow up this drift 700 feet, and then go down to another still lower, where you find the same appearances and operations, and then down to another, and another until you are 400 feet below the surface and have wandered for two hours in these dark deep paths. Behold the miner's lamp gleaming and



CLIFF MINE.

twinkling—listen to the cheerful strokes of industry, click, click, with the song or joke, and then stop your ears as the big blast is to thunder and split the solid rocks, down in these subterraneous caverns! Does old Earth become vexed at these intrusions? No, this is the way she stimulates industry, and makes her treasurers appreciated. This work is carried on all the while by three sets of hands, each working eight hours. But now for a pull up perpendicular ladders, 400 feet, wet and muddy. You start up briskly but as you climb lifting yourself you find your avordupois seems to reverse the law of gravity, becoming heavier the farther you get from the center of the Earth, until you roll yourself over upon the upper surface, thankful again to see the sun-light and breathe the air of heaven, on top of the globe, rather than within its jaws. These veins seem to be pure melted copper, injected by the internal forces of nature up through fissures or crevices made in the crust of the earth by volcanic throes.

In the two successful mines mentioned only is the "mass copper" found; all the others find "barrel-work," small pieces of copper found and barreled for transportation, and "stamp-work," minute particles of copper separated from the mass rock by breaking up and by being stamped in the great mortars of the stamping mill by machinery. The Cliff Mine alone will send 1800 tons of copper this year.

Again we steam towards the head of the Great Lake. We approach the Apostle Islands, so called by the Jesuits from their number. They look like green oases in the desert, and now as you pass among them, you look up through the long watery spaces which resemble splendid avenues well ornamented with shrubbery and shade-trees, for the Islands are all covered with dense pine. The sole occupant of one of them is a Scotch hermit who does not allow any one to land upon his isolated home, not even the tax-gatherer whom he drives away, unwilling to pay a small percentage upon his Royal Domain. On another lives an adopted son of the Indian Chief, Buffalo; and elect Vice President Breckenridge is said to have purchased one of them as a country seat—quite as pleasant as any villa upon the banks of the Saline River.

La Pointe is upon the lower part of the Southernmost Island, a beautiful location, selected two hundred years ago by the Jesuits as a site for a mission. A Catholic church with its Priest and its mummery yet attest to their work. But there is no thrift to little business but fishing—inhabitants, indians and half-breeds, lazy and dirty. Broad acres, once cleared and cultivated lie open and idle for lack of enterprise to improve them. What a splendid plan had Popery early adopted for the subjugation of this country, with its line of posts across the North, Quebec, Detroit, Sault St. Mary, La Pointe, Prairie Du Chien, and across the West down to the Mississippi river, Dubuque, Kaskaskia and St. Louis! But Providence has signally defeated all those schemes, leaving their outposts far in the rear of advancement, or covering them up by the enterprise of Protestantism. At La Pointe stands a house built by John Jacob Astor, and used by him for a fur trading post, surrounded by an old traders' picket fort.

But now we approach the western end of the lake—the shore appears on both sides of us, and evidently is coming around to meet before us. Presently we espy the place where Superior City is. The end of the lake rounds up regularly, and the city stands at the extremity, 25 feet above the lake, strung along upon the shore for two miles, set into the edge of the forest, which remains undisturbed in its primeval wildness back only the distance of two or three blocks, the mighty wilderness of the North West having crowded all civilization down upon the water's edge, and the waves having driven it back into the skirt of the woods. The sight is beautiful as you approach from the lake, and as you come nearer you see a point of land making down from the North shore, and a similar one from the South shore, right in front of the city, leaving just a proper space between their extremities for vessels to enter one of the most splendid Harbors in the world, safe from any winds, and of most ample dimensions, lying between the main shore and these points, which are called Wisconsin and Minnesota points, as they belong respectively to them.

On each side of the city comes in a fine river emptying into the harbor, and pouring their confluent streams through the one outlet to the lake, and thus by their combined action keeping the mouth of the harbor clear.

The city is only two years old and has a population of 1200, with as good a Hotel as there is North of Chicago, a Presbyterian and a Methodist Church, each with a Minister.

A Railroad is to connect this place and St. Paul's in two years, for which appropriations of land have been made, which will make all that vast and beautiful North West region tributary to Superior, and furnish one of the finest trips in the U. S.—up the lakes—across by Rail—and down the Mississippi. In time this place must be for Lake Superior what Chicago is for Lake Michigan. Proprietors there are sanguine or realizing the highest ideas at an early period, and if their present high rates do not prove an inflation, they may.

We cannot but express our high appreciation of the *Superior* advantages of this excursion, as a summer recreation. The bracing air, the stimulus of constant novelty and discovery, the freedom from the conventionalities of our fashionable watering places, all invite to this trip of the great inland lakes.

BELOIT.

WISCONSIN.*

In a literal sense no history of a great proportion of our Western cities can be written. They have none dating beyond the memory of scores of their living citizens. Of the change from the wild hunting grounds and quiet villages of the redmen to the bustle and noise of the great city and commercial mart, men among their inhabitants, yet in the full enjoyment of the prime and vigor of manhood, have been the observers. Of most, the history will be entirely written in the sentence which would say, "Here, around this garrison, or that hut, about 18—, commenced to be formed the settlement which, continually and rapidly increasing at a ratio unequalled in the history of any other part of the world save the West, now forms the city of ———, now numbering ——— thousand souls within her precincts." Their memoirs may indeed be written, but they are entirely comprised, and would be more fully chronicled, in a biographical sketch of some individual prominent among her earlier citizens.

There are weighty reasons, having especial reference to the readiness for obtaining the necessary data, however, the tourist will find who visits them, sketch-book and pencil in hand, prepared to note those memoirs or that biography, why he should entitle his jottings the history of a certain city rather than the biographies of certain men.

In a secluded portion of Dodge county, Wisconsin, embowered by protecting woods, sequestered from all but the overarching heavens by their protecting shade, only to be reached by circuitous roads through a new and heavily timbered country, lies Lake Horicon—as lovely a sheet of water as that State even, with her thousand lochs and bays, distinguished for their quiet grandeur and beauty, can boast. Forming its only outlet, from it flows Rock River: on, through the counties of Jefferson and Rock in Wisconsin, o'er the broad vales of Winnebago, Ogle, Lee, Whiteside and Henry counties, in Illinois, dividing them as with a silken band; it rolls in beauty, fertilizing its borders, forming throughout its course rapids which furnish the best water power in either State, gathering strength and volume from small tributaries as it pours forward with increased rapidity at every league, as in seeming haste to bury its murmuring current in the bosom of the "Father of Waters." On the western borders of Rock Island county, Ill., the parent stream receives the lovely wanderer, bearing its clear waters onward to their ocean home.

Upon either side of Rock River, in the extreme south of Rock county, Wis., just north of the line that separates that State from its elder sister, Illinois, is the young and growing city of Beloit, delightfully situated between two continuous bluffs which skirt its eastern and western border, marking the course of the river; upon the picturesque brows of which are situated the Seminary and College buildings, the Public Schools, and many fine private residences. A view, necessarily distant, of the city is given by our artist from a daguerreotype sketch, taken on the 15th of January last, from the top of the commanding and beautiful residence of Rev. Alex. MONTGOMERY, which occupies a high bluff about half a mile south of the city limits, upon the Illinois side,† from which point the whole city is spread out like a beautiful panorama before the observer, bringing into full view the churches and principal business blocks, the Bushnell House—one of the finest hotels in the whole country—relieved in the distance by the college buildings, public and high schools, also, the mills and machine shops which occupy a portion

*In gathering the facts from which our writer has compiled the sketch of Beloit, he feels to acknowledge with thankfulness the courtesies of many of her prominent citizens, who manifested a lively interest in giving him aid in his work; among whom he would specially mention A. B. CARPENTER, Esq., of the Exchange Bank, JOHN HACKETT and W. T. GOODRUE, Esqs., Messrs, WRIGHT & NEWCOMB, the gentlemanly agents of the Beloit Paper Mill Co., and the Editorial Fraternity.

†The view accompanying this does not do justice to the city, inasmuch as the point from which the daguerreotype copy was taken was distant, and the houses and grounds being covered with snow, caused a misty, indefinite appearance to the picture, which could not be obviated in the drawing. In our next number we shall present another view, which will do justice to this beautifully located city, and redeem our promise to its citizens.—EDS.

of the excellent and extensive water power formed by the rapids in the river.

. Few inland towns can boast of better natural advantages, in point of location, or of citizens better calculated to turn these resources to account.

Beloit, doubtless, has a history far back of the era when her beautiful valley first charmed the eye of "Old Tebo," or Mr. Blodgett and his associates; or even the early day when good Father Mesnard made his first mission tour to Che-goi-megon and the region of Lake Superior; the old grass-covered mounds rising at intervals along her high bluffs, prominent yet tongueless and silent, tempting the inquisitive scholar and furnishing food for the speculations of the antiquarian, date far back to a nation and race of people long since mingled with the dust, whose chronicles and history live only in the wild legends of the tribes who occupied the territory made vacant by their removal. From their wild traditions some grains of truth might be sifted, which would serve as stand-points in the search for defined records of the builders of these tumuli. But they too have passed away. Slowly and sadly, their ears catching for the last time the ever-murmuring of their gentle river —glancing a last, long, eager gaze along its quiet borders, they turned away to trace o'er yon prairie a dreary way, to the strange homes and unknown hunting grounds apportioned them—beyond the Father of waters—under the setting sun.

In the year 1835, Caleb Blodgett, bought for $250 a tract of land some four miles square, of a certain Frenchman named Thiebeau, or "Tebo," who not only laid claim to more wives than civilized usages tolerate, but the bounds of whose farming territory stretched to the complete compass of the more moderate demands of new adventurers, so that he was the nominal owner, in common phrase, of "all the land adjoining him." Considering the extent of Tebo's "claim" in territory, the consideration demanded by him was very willingly paid by Blodgett, whose enterprise could not rest within the narrow limits of 320 acres, prescribed in those days by general consent as the amount one individual could hold in his own name. Having satisfied Tebo, the next work was to make his claim stand the scrutiny of those who were less in favor of land monopoly, which was accomplished by bringing upon the land ignorant and shiftless men and minors, who ostensibly made claims for themselves but in fact for Blodgett, so that by this means, in process of time, he became the acknowledged proprietor of the four mile purchase; and the first land sale we find on record was that of a quarter section which he sold an adventurous pioneer for a span of horses.

In August, 1836, Messrs. Moore & Goodhue purchased of Blodgett one-half of his claim in Beloit and commenced building on the property a saw-mill; the following year Mr. Moore added a grist-mill to the works. These, it is believed, were the first mills of the kind in the State; which, attracting to themselves at once, customers from the territory for more than a hundred miles around them, aided in no small degree to build up the settlement.

In January, 1837, Dr. Horace White, as agent for the New England Company, bought of Moore & Goodhue one-third of their purchase. The accessions made that year, through this agency, to the new settlement were of a nature to establish permanently the character of the place. To this source, more, perhaps, than any other, is the eminent social position Beloit now holds among the thriving towns of the West to be attributed. About this time the name of the village, which had for a few months been called New Albany, was changed to the more euphonious one of Beloit, which, notwithstanding its classical sound, has neither the merit of being significant of anything, like ancient names, or of following the more ruling passion of fastening some pompous quotation from antiquity to most incongruous and inapt transitions from time past to time present. It was, as we are informed, purely the product of accident, or we should rather say perhaps, an "inspiration" of one of the "seers" who were on a certain day convened together in the capacity of a "com-

mittee" for a christening, making sorry attempts to jumble English and French together.

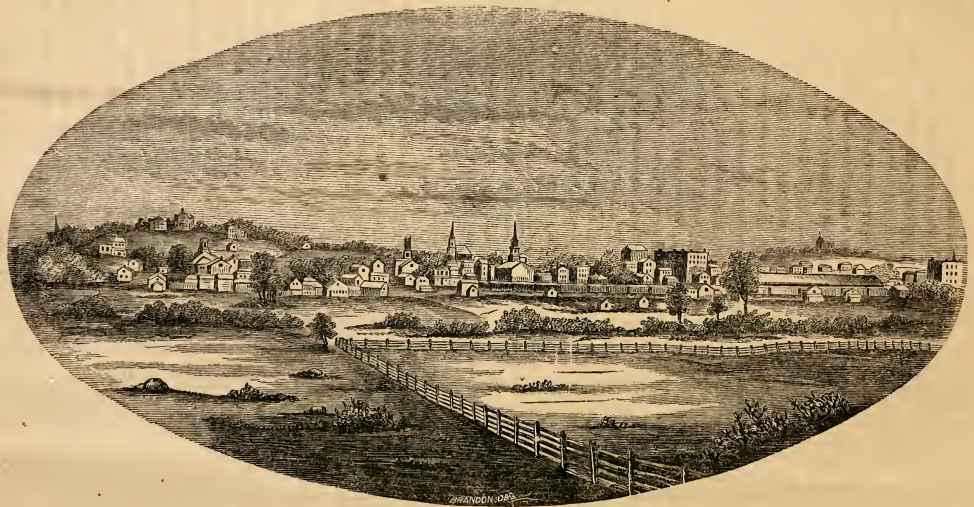
On the 6th of November of the same year, under act of Congress passed in April, 1836, was convened the second session of the territorial legislature of Wisconsin, which included the territory west of the Mississippi and north of Missouri, this session was, by proclamation of Gov. Dodge, convened at Burlington, on the Mississippi, in the present State of Iowa, at which session Madison was designated as the future seat of Government. To obtain an act of incorporation or a seminary and serve the interests of the youthful settlement, which otherwise might have been overlooked, where the claims of so large a territory were to be adjusted—two of her citizens were sent to the Legislature as lobby members, who passed down the river to Rock Island in a "dug out," or wood canoe, taking from thence the steamboat to Burlington.

During the earlier years of the settlement, the people of Beloit bought and sold claims while yet but squatter sovereigns of the territory of their embryo city. During these years all those peculiarly vexatious proceedings which attend settling upon government lands without any legal title, were experienced. The simple process of turning a furrow round an eighty acre lot was the manner of "making a claim" in those days; this process entitling the claimant to all the rights of an actual purchaser, enabling him to dispose of it as a bona fide owner, or if he remained on his "claim" as an actual settler, or made some such improvements as indicated a design to become one, such as throwing up a few logs, poles, or boards in the shape of a shanty, plowing a few acres, or fencing a lot, the neighboring settlers, if they did not prevent the *jumping* of his claim, were frequently of great service in assisting him to recover it. If no improvements were made, the settler run the risk of losing his claim while absent preparing to occupy it; as some other adventurer might take possession of his contemplated property, without saying as much as "by your leave, sir!" This proceeding was called *jumping a claim*; from it the settlers had no remedy, except that of forcible ejectment, the person in possession having decidedly the advantage. The settlers, forced by the necessities of the case, had, in the time intervening between the occupation of the territory and the bringing of the land into market by the Government, so perfected among themselves a certain system of entry and title to claims, based upon public opinion and generally conceded principles of law, in anticipation of the action of the general Government, which so facilitated subsequent operations that when the public land sales came off, one man was found sufficient to represent the interests of the many settlers.

Not unlike other towns in their early days, the people of Beloit had their days of fullness and scarcity: their post-office and principal market being Chicago—a distance of ninety miles, over broken and unfrequented roads, a week and even fortnight being often consumed in going to and from this point of trade. As a consequence, much of the time flour was worth from eighteen to twenty dollars per barrel and pork from thirty to forty dollars. But like the chosen people in the wilderness, they were not without some token of a bountiful Providence in the days of the greatest scarcity. When from any cause a great scarcity prevailed, recourse was had to the river, and Moore & Goodhue's mill-race was caused to overflow its banks, when the receding water left the shores thickly covered with fish, which were gathered up in baskets. This "manna," together with the deservedly famous hoe-cake, formed no inconsiderable portion of the "daily food" of the early settlers. In such a land, with such a people, scarcity could not long remain. Within three years corn was sold for ten cents, and a bushel of wheat was refused for a pound of saleratus.

In the winter of '38 the first church was organized by five individuals of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion. About the same time one of the Congregational order was also established, sustained by mission aid.

Now there are no less than six of the



BELOIT, WISCONSIN.—(See note at foot of Page 74.)

different denominations of the Christian Church represented by from fifty to four hundred members each, and those who, not many years since, worshipped in a barn or other uncomfortable shelter, now meet in costly and elegant temples consecrated to the service of the Most High.

'Till 1839 the postal advantages of Beloit were exceedingly limited, their first post-office being Chicago, next Belvidere, and then Roscoe, Illinois. It is now the termini of no less than ten mail routes, five of them being daily; the office yielding an annual revenue of about $4,000 to the postal department.

No western towns, forward as they are in improvements, have seemed more deeply solicitous to blend with their rapid industrial growth the elements of religious and social elevation, and we early find interwoven with its history the means tending to the educational advancement of the young of both sexes.

As early as 1844, only two years after the town of Beloit had been recognised by the Territorial Legislature, the idea of establishing a college for the northwest in Beloit, was agitated. Three years afterwards, in 1847, the corner stone of the first college edifice was laid under the auspices of the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations. Since 1850 the institution has been under the charge of a competent faculty, headed by Rev. A. L. Chapin, D. D., as President. The college grounds are situated on the east side of Rock River upon a high bluff, commanding a beautiful view of the city and adjacent country, near the former site of "Turtle Village," which, prior to the Black Hawk war, was a considerable town of the Winnebago Indians, the site and building being a donation from the citizens of Beloit. The institution has received some slight endowments from its friends at the East It has a fine cabinet, large library, good apparatus, and the reputation of graduating as thorough classes as any that go forth from eastern schools.

As late as 1854, a new Female Seminary was established here, occupying grounds contiguous to the college. Though but a short time since its organization its success has far exceeded the expectation of its founders, and realized the most flattering hopes of its patrons and friends.

In addition to the foregoing her citizens, determined, that in educational advantages she shall not be behind any rival, have perfected and put in successful operation her common school system, and within the past year substantial and beautiful structures have been built upon either bank of the river to accommodate its requirements.

Though it was not until 1848, Wisconsin came into the Union as a State, not one of her older sisters has made better provision for their schools; she having, for a population of about 600,000, made appropriations in lands and other ways to an amount equivalent to $5,000,000, which is a perpetual sinking fund, the interest of which is expended annually for the benefit of the youth of the State, about one sixteenth of whom belong to Rock county.

The population of Beloit in 1838, numbered some 115 souls in the present city limits; in 1850, 2,753; in 1853, 3,017, and now in 1857, there cannot be less than 5,000 people within her precincts. Around her is one of the finest agricultural regions in the Northwest. Unlike the pioneers of the Atlantic States, whose hardy sons were compelled to brave not only the tempest, the prowling savage and wild beast, but rough, barren and stony lands, which, before they were fit to till, had first to be chopped, burnt, cleared, and then for years annoying the toiling yeoman with stumps and stones, impeding the progress of the plow, and diminishing the productions of the soil: the early settlers of Rock county saw broad, unexplored, and almost boundless fields before them, whose luxuriant soil only waited to receive the plow of the husbandman, to yield him a rich reward—gently undulating, bounded by high bluffs, covered with excellent timber—a beautiful stream flowing through the midst.

The farmers of the town of Beloit—whose territory is mostly embraced within the city limits, bounded by the State line on the South, now have upwards of two thousand acres of land under the plow, from

which the past year they have returned not far from 80,000 bushels of grain, and some 4,000 bush of potatoes, which is but a moiety of the products in the immediate vicinity of the city.

In 1853, the Chicago and Galena Railroad Company pushed a branch of their road to this point, until which time her resources remained to a great degree undeveloped. Now there are three railroads centering here, which have greatly enhanced its property value; as a consequence many of her oldest settlers, who a few years since, would gladly have sold out their interests for comparatively trifling sums, now find themselves enormously wealthy. There are now upwards of $200,000 of capital invested upon her water-power, which a few years since would not have sold for half the number of hundreds, besides leaving a large amount of power unimproved. Upon Rock River is the large Foundry Establishment and Machine Shop and Mower and Reaper Works of D. S. Warner & Co., which give employment to over one hundred hands. Adjacent is the extensive Reaper and Mower Establishment of Love, Otis & Co., who yearly turn off to the Western farmer thousands of their deservedly popular machines The Beloit Paper Mill Company have also erected during the past year, a large and commodious building and furnished it with beautiful machinery, where they will produce, yearly, hundreds of tons of print and wrapping papers of a superior quality, giving employment to a large number of both sexes, and furnishing a market for all the rags and straw in the surrounding country, it being the only establishment of the kind in the county. Mr. Hackett, one of the oldest citizens here, has also a fine flouring mill upon the same stream which is capable of grinding 125 barrels of flour per day, while there are also a large number of other establishments devoted to various branches of labor, which, in the aggregate, turn out tens of thousands of dollars worth of the products of mechanical skill annually, furnishing a continued quota to the prosperity and commercial growth of the city.—Upon Turtle Creek still stands Moore & Goodhue's mill, the oldest in the State, also a new flouring mill, recently erected, capable of grinding two hundred and fifty barrels of flour per day. To attempt to mention all the manufacturing establishments located along the borders of the stream, in the city limits, would require more space than we can devote in this sketch; we can merely point, also, to her new bridges and public works, her steam-mills and extensive business establishments, the plans of improvement now in prospect, as evidences of her enterprise and resources. Within a very few years property here has doubled and trebled in value, and the end is not yet. We do not wish to be understood as saying Beloit has made more rapid progress than many other places, or that the stranger who unites with her his destinies and locates here his habitation, will become rich without effort, or that she is entirely exempt from the vices while possessing all the virtues of fast growing towns, but we do mean to say that there is no city in the circle of our acquaintance, where its business facilities, educational advantages and the high moral tone of her citizens has made us feel more in love with it and its people than this. The busy streets, thronged hotels, the tone of her press, the well filled slips upon the Sabbath day, all indicate to the stranger that he is among a people who, while they are "dilligent in business" and rapidly gaining in material prosperity, do not lose sight of the great truths of religion, good sense and sound morals.

As known to the earliest white settlers, her history scarcely traces back more than a score of years, yet in that time the valley of the Rock River, once the favorite hunting grounds of the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoe and Saux Indians, now echoes the busy hum of the steam mill, the water-wheel and the anvil, while the wild game following to the haunts of its wild pursuers, has fled at the approach of the pale-faces. Seminaries of learning look forth upon the past abode of the wild son of forest, and the steam horse sweeps with his train along the valley where the foot-prints of the red man have not faded away.

THE OCEANIC TELEGRAPH.

Grand results generally originate in small beginnings. Thousands of familiar facts prove this proposition. The dim dawnings of the first gray light of the morning precede the blaze of the meridian. The diminutive acorn springs up and becomes an oak, monarch of the forest. The majestic Amazon first issues as a little rill on the eastern declivity of the Andes. A neglected spark kindles a conflagration, and millions of wealth are laid in ashes. So with a thousand other facts. Their origin is simple, but their ultimate results are grand, and often sublimely so.

Familiarity with such facts should never be allowed to lessen their interest, nor should we overlook the simplest truths; for a thorough knowledge of those simplest truths often leads to the discovery of the grandest and most sublime; while he that "despises the day of small things" will probably never live to experience the day of large things.

These reflections are forcibly suggested by the remarkable history of the discovery and wondrous developments of electricity.

For three thousand five hundred years the giant of untold energy had slept, except when he occasionally hurled the red and scathing bolt from the storm-cloud. During this long period no human agency had disturbed the slumber of this Hercules, or attempted to awaken him.

Two thousand four hundred and fifty seven years ago, however, that slumber was partially disturbed by one THALES, a celebrated citizen of Miletus, in Grecian Ionia. To speak without a figure, he discovered, that amber when rubbed, acquired the power, unknown to it in its unexcited state, of attracting to itself certain light bodies in its immediate vicinity.

No wonder THALES stood for a while in mute astonishment at the discovery. No wonder he thought the amber animated with the principle of vitality. The emotions of the mind when a grand fundamental or elementary truth first breaks upon it, are unutterable, and cannot be apprehended or appreciated by the dull phlegmatic, who plods along contentedly, in the path of his forefathers. Such emotions often find vent in exclamations similiar to those of Archimedes, who, after having studied upon an important problem seven years, when the solution came suddenly to his mind, ran through the streets of ancient Syracuse, almost like a maniac, exclaiming frantically—"*Eureka! Eureka!! I have found it! I have found it!!*"

Who knows but that THALES, when witnessing, in entranced astonishment, the first developments of electricity, might, in prophetic vision have seen the dim foreshadowings of the operations of that wondrous agent, at the noontide of the nineteenth century, and the social revolutions and reorganizations produced by it.

Passing by its various developments from the days of THALES to those of Professor MORSE, the facts of which are familiar to most well informed minds, let us contemplate the climax of its developments, and the grand crowning wonder of the world, compared with which the seven ancient wonders are dwarfish pigmies.

We have all heard in our youthful days the wild and exaggerated nursery tales of giants taller and stronger than "the Anakims," who could draw on their "half-league boots," and outstrip the wind in the chase of their enemies, or in the pursuit of some luckless fugitives escaping from the bondage of their castle. But wild, exaggerated and fabulous as they were, they would have been regarded as *tame and every day realities*, hardly worthy of notice, compared with a sober statement of the wonders of telegraphic communication, at the high noon of the present century.

When Ariel talked of putting "a girdle round the world in forty minutes," neither the speaker nor his hearers considered the expression as anything more than a rhetorical flourish.

Yet in our own times something more extraordinary by far than that rhetorical flourish has become *sober reality*: and what is that something—that sober reality—stranger than fiction—wilder than romance—more extravagant than hyperboles and rhetorical flourishes? It is this? The subtle elemental fires of the storm-cloud, upon whose destructive and fearful energy

in tearing asunder the tough heart of the gnarled oak of five hundred summers, past ages have looked with shivering dread; have been tamed to docility by the inventive powers of man—have been harnessed into the viewless and etherial mail car of the skies, and sent on friendly and commercial errands from city to city—from sea-coast to sea-coast and from nation to nation, with the combined speed of more than fifty millions of winged winds.

Electricity moves with the velocity of light, if the conductors are good; and light moves with the inconceivable rapidity of more than *two hundred thousand miles per second.*

If then, you could belt the earth with good conductors, perfectly insulated through sea and land, the extravagant conceit and Shakespearean rhodomontade of putting a "girdle round the earth in forty minutes," would be eclipsed completely by the far more wonderful and splendid reality. Instead of going round the world at the snail-like pace of 25,000 miles in "forty minutes," it would dart in *less than one second*, eight times round the globe.

And that it MAY be thus belted is by no means an improbability.

In Great Britain, St. George's Channel has been traversed with the insulated electric cable to Dublin, the North Channel to Carrickfergus, the Straits of Dover to Calais and Ostend, and the North Sea from Orfordness to the Hague.

Sweden has been connected with the rest of Europe by a submarine cable through the Great Belt, the Little Belt and the Sound to Karlscrona.

France has been linked to her Algerine possessions by a sub-Mediterranean line from Spezia to Cape Corso, and over Corsica and Sardinia to Tunis and thence by land to Algeria.

Before the Crimean War closed Balaklava was connected with Varna by an electric cable, traversing the bed of the stormy Euxine.

Several other submarine lines of telegraph have been projected, connecting different parts of Europe with each other, and Europe with Asia.

These are all significant indices, pointing prominently and reliably to one grand ultimate result—the percursors of a telegraph belted world.

The incipient conception of such an event was evinced by the project of connecting the main land of the North American Continent with New Foundland, in 1854, by a submarine electric cable, and the attempt to lay that cable in 1855; which, although frustrated temporarily by its loss in a storm; yet, although a failure, proved the impelling motive to still grander conceptions and attempts. The very fact of the loss of that cable aroused to this subject, more thoroughly than ever before, the attention of the whole civilized world, and the dim, doubtful, uncertain idea, which had previously floated like a hazy mist, before the mental eye of a few sanguine and daring souls, that the bed of the wide Atlantic, itself, could be traversed, assumed a more compact definiteness, and clearness of outline, and the magnificent vision began so generally to be considered possible, that incipient preparations were made to test its practicability, made, too, with a zeal and earnestness and an expenditure, that indicated unequivocally that the plan was considered feasible.

That indefatigable experimenter Professor Morse, accomplished the remarkable and conclusive feat of transmitting through an unbroken circuit of 2,000 miles in length, 270 telegraphic signals in a minute, and the ascertained distance across the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Valentia in Ireland is only 1640 miles.

By the luminous and interesting report made some time since to the Navy Department by Lieut. Maury, it appears that a minute survey has been made of the bed of the proposed route, and that there is a remarkable plateau, or submarine table-land, extending the whole distance, the greatest depth of which is only a little over 12,000 feet.

By numerous soundings made for the purpose, not only of ascertaining its depth, but of bringing to light the composition of the ocean bed, it was found to consist of a soft, fleecy, calcareous earth, unmixed with drift sand, which showed that there was no abrasion, and indicated that the storms

and currents and tides, which agitate the surface of the ocean, do not disturb the leaden silence of its bed, but that the stillness of the grave ever reigns there. This being the case, when once the cable is sunk, it will never be disturbed or abraded by the violent action of currents.

After these satisfactory surveys and experiments, the next question to be answered was—"Can the stock of the Atlantic Telegraph be sold?"—for however magnificent the project, unless money could be procured to execute it, no trans-atlantic electric cable could ever be laid. There were opposing obstacles and influences, which, it was surmised, might make the attempt abortive. One cable had been lost by attempting to lay it between the main land and an island: the effect of that failure might prevent the subscription from being filled. Expectation was, therefore, at its height and thousands waited with feverish suspense to know the result of opening the subscription books in the London stock market.

So stood the enterprise, to our knowledge on this side the ocean up to the tenth day of November, 1856. At noon of that day, simultaneously with the reported arrival of the English steamship at Sandy Hook, another sentence quivered along the wires, and the bulletins of the "associated press" in Wall and Nassau streets, announced to the new world the fact that—"*The stock of the Atlantic Telegraph is all taken!*" Yes, the three hundred and fifty thousand pounds or one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is all subscribed! This showed conclvsively the confidence of capitalists in the feasibility of the project.

Not only is the stock all taken but *twenty per cent* is paid in, and Messrs. Kupper, Glass & Co., of London, have contracted to manufacture the cable which is to connect the old and new world, and have given security that it shall be completed by the 31st of May 1857.

It is further announced that immediately after its completion, two steamers each with one half of the cable on board, will meet in mid-ocean, join the electric band, and then move, one towards the eastern and the other towards the western continent, running it off into the sea behind them, until they land the two ends on the opposite shores of Ireland and Newfoundland.

But one sentence freighted with deeper and more thrilling meaning than—"the stock of the Atlantic Telegraph is all taken"—can be transmitted along its wires, that sentence will be, when, some time next June, after the cable is sunk in its ocean bed, and connected with its batteries on either continent this message shall be announced to the expectant nations of the world—"*The Atlantic Telegraph is a verity—a splendid reality.*"

And that will be a splendid reality—a reality so intensely splendid—splendid in its accomplishment, and more still in its results—that human language is altogether too beggarly to portray or give suitable vividness to the event—so dazzlingly brilliant that no finite conception can present it in hues of light sufficiently graphic.

Regarded merely in a commercial and business aspect, the event will be inconceivably grand and important. Vast changes and re-organizations will almost immediately be made in the transactions of mercantile and financial circles and in the monetary policy of nations.

Still, to its political, social and moral effect are we to look for the great prodigy of the age—the crowning wonder of time.

In its political effects it will completely eclipse all precedents, and will speedily revolutionize the world. Like a powerful galvanic shock it will electrify, and startle into new, sudden and vigorous life and activity the universal mind of the globe; for its lightning flash will dart every where and pervade all lands.

Scathed and blasted, as with the stroke of the "red levin brand of heaven," old systems of political abuse and corruption will be dashed into ruins; no proud and mail-clad arm of kingly power can save them; and the oppressed nations of the earth will be "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled" from those shackles of barbarous absolutism, which have so long bowed down the free soul, and crippled the energies of those nations.

The Spirit of Enterprise, the Energy, the Free Thoughts, the Independence and

Manliness, the National Democratic Sentiments and Republican sympathies of America — the great doctrines of Inalienable and Equal Rights will be whispered startlingly in the dull ear of the Siberian exile, and light up a smile of hope on his careworn face—will arrest the attention of the roving Tartar and tame and civilize him—will pulsate with new life the sluggish mental atmosphere hanging over the tea-clad hills of China—will send an electrifying thrill along "India's coral strand"—will resurrect to a new, a brighter and a more enduring life the old republics of Greece and Rome—will harmonize the warring elements, where "Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands," and forever banish the inhuman man-stealer from "the broad palmetto's shade"—will even stimulate the drowsy, dreaming Hottentot in his mud-built cabin—will in short, infuse new life, and hope, and manliness, and activity, and high aspiration into the decayed and degenerated humanities of all Europe, Asia, and Africa—awakening, despite the myrmidoms of power and place among their dynasties, all of real manhood remaining; producing a feeling in the heart of the masses of antagonism to arbitrary enactment and tyrannic rule, forerunning or contemporary with resistance to their dictations.

The social and moral effect of that great event will usher in that bright era, foreshadowed by the presentiments of ages—of which poets have sung in extatic measure—which floated sublimely on a sea of glory before the rapt vision of Isaiah—an era, "when many shall run to and fro," dragged by the winged and thundering locomotive, and "knowledge shall increase and cover the earth;" when Free Thoughts, in all their innate and unshackled independence shall fly, on the pinions of lightning over all the earth, pervading even its darkest corners—when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks"—when "nation shall no more rise against nation," but when all mankind shall be linked together in the endearing bond of an unselfish and glorious brotherhood, and when, uniting their voices in a grand and swelling chorus, the happy millions of earth shall join with the sympathising and beatified hosts of the universe in rolling through the vaulted arch of the skies the anthem of "PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MAN!"

As the first flash comes over the continent-connecting cable, from the old world to the new, let us flash back to its teeming millions *A Hearty World's Greeting.* Let Heaven's most subtle and powerful agent bear, in its first sub-atlantic journey, a message, freighted with the best wishes of this young and giant republic to the nations of the old world, to the farthest realms of Asia, to the swarming population of China, to the sunny vales of Farther India, on, over the sterile wastes of Siberia, to the bright meadows of Persia, across the wheat fields of Russia, to the swarthy dwellers upon the ancient Nile, to the minarets of the city of the Golden Horn, to the classic regions of Italy, to the swarming hordes of Germany, to the vine clad hills of France, to the gray cliffs of old England; and indeed, to the inhabitants of every clime upon which looks the sun in his diurnal round, exciting the responsive and glad shouts to that anthem of every nation of the old world—commingling in one harmonious song with the joyful Pæans of the children of the realms of the new, for fraternal brotherhood—PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MAN.

American genius invented the means, American enterprise secured its application to this world union: let American sympathy, and American brotherly tendencies take the initiatory in consecrating for all time, as A GALA DAY FOR THE WHOLE WORLD—a gala day, "which shall, on account of its superior importance, take the precedence of all other holidays—even of our own venerated fourth of July, that, on which, for the first time, the obedient current carrying the glad tidings of its own success, exchanges the warm and cordial greetings of a fraternizing world.

The fastest people under the whole heavens, can with manifest propriety, not only set the example to the more plodding portions of the globe, of thus consecrating that

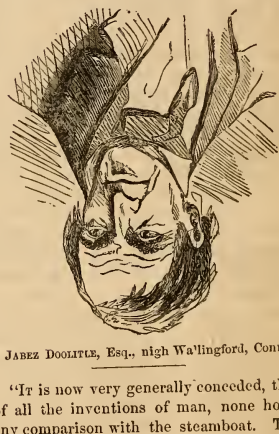
day, but urge them to imitate that example. Those who travel with locomotive speed under a full head of steam may, without any violation of courteous etiquette, invite to a pause in the race the travelers by the stage.

CHICAGO, the City of that people, which has by universal acknowledgment outstripped in its wonderful progress, in all the elements of abiding success, all competitors, may with *particular* propriety, in a national matter of this moment, take the initiatory, and invite her sister cities of he new world, that, laying aside for a day, all rivalry, all jealousies, all business cares, all ideas of progress or supremacy, we unite and together tender to the cities and people of the whole globe our congratulations—together invite the world to join with us, in consecrating that day to joyous and appropriate festivities, so that on each succeeding anniversary of it, throughout all coming time, the people of every tribe, and nation, and kindred under the whole Heaven, joined in an ANNUAL WORLD'S COMMERCIAL AND PEACE CONVENTION; shall be, with the added wisdom and experience of its return, seeking how best they may cultivate with each other, more strictly, the amicable relations of fraternal and commercial intercourse.

Humorous.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

We were once an Editor, therefore a general receiver of the written whims, freaks and '*productions* of everybody. Many of these "on account of the press of other matter," we did not print, and have on hand yet. In that capacity we often used the shears, also and, as a consequence, facts, fancies, stories; paragraphs and passages on all subjects 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' are still in our drawer, promiscuously commingled with the aforesaid *productions*. Often, to while away an hour we overhaul its mysteries—never without amusement and profit. It was while prying into its secrets a few days since that the History of the First Locomotive came to light. With wonder we read it, and regret; wonder, that for so long a period the world had accorded honor to whom honor was not due. On the instant, we determined to do what we could to bring before the public prominently JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Conn., and accordingly handed the following account of his efforts to the editor of the CHICAGO MAGAZINE, who remarked, "Certainly, in this Locomotive City and Country the memory of the successful inventor of the first steam carriage should be rescued from oblivion. Gladly will we give place to a record of his doings." Accordingly we spread before its readers the facts of the case, on which—ponder—and reflect—another case where a prophet was not honored among his people, is presented.



JABEZ DOOLITLE, Esq., nigh Wa'lingford, Conn.

"IT is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steamboat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; were we still to find ourselves on board sloops, making a passage of a hundred miles a week, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downscomer," and discomfort of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel boat, pushed every inch of the way against its mighty current with long poles, at the rate of "fourteen miles in sixteen hours."

It is now nearly fifty years since the first steamboat ascended the Hudson, being the first practical application of a steam engine to water conveyance. Then, no other river had ever seen a steamboat; and now, what river, capable of any kind of navigation, has not been bepaddled with them? It is not my purpose to enter the lists of disputants, lately sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal Fulton was not the first successful projector of a steamboat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any previous successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear development of that important agent. But all I can say now is, that I never heard of a steamboat before the "North River" moved her paddles on the Hudson; and very soon after that period, when it was contemplated to send a steamboat to Southern Russia, a distinguished author of that day, in an address before the Historical Society of New York, eloquently said, in direct allusion to the steamboat: "The hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening as he glances over the destruction of Palmyra and Persepolis, of Jerusalem and of Babylon, will bend with respectful defference to the inventive spirit of this western world;" thus proving conclusively, that the invention was not only of this country, but that no other country yet knew of it. In fact, the invention had not yet even reached the Mississippi; for it was not until a year after, that a long armed, high-shouldered keel boatman, who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river, by dint of hard pushing, and run his boat in a quiet eddy for a resting spell, saw a steamboat gallantly paddling up against the centre current of that "Father of Rivers; and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstacy, exclaimed: "Well done, old Mississippi! May I be eternally smashed if you ha'n't got your match at last!"

But, as before hinted, it is not my design to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steamboats. My text stands at the head of this article; and I purpose here to record for the information of all future time, a faithful history of "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.' I am determined, at least, that that branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat-traps;" and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work he was then on a journey thro' the State of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious, as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one end where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department as an appendage to the sub-treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the papent office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam engine, because, perhaps, I could more easily under-

stand its mystery. To me, the steam engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so tarnal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you had not got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land, one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well Jabez," said I, "what do you think of this mighty machine?"

"Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on't;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secresy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up the invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling grey eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "loco-foco." When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "near Wallingford." The din of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and "pomp and circumstances of glorious war," had, in the meantime, entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion?—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that steam wagon I told you about a spell ago; but it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet iron, and old stove pipes, and mill wheels, and trunnel heads in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of those "cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet, I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know, but some say it is a thrashing machine, some a distillery; and, of late, they begin to think it's a shingle splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning along past the stage coaches," added he with a knowing chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "No Admittance." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." I could occupy pages in a description of it, for every part exhibited evidences of its uses. The patent office at Washington, like your magazine, Mr. Editor, may exhibit "finished productions" of "inventive genius;" but if you could look into the port folios of your contributors, in every quarter of the Union, and see there

the sketches of half finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which "but breathed and died," you might form some notion of the accumulation of notions that were presented to me on entering the workshop of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again—"The First Locomotive." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions—rat traps, churns, apple parers, pill rollers, cooking stoves and shingle splitters, which hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood,
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous rays of inventive genius —"The First Locomotive."

An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven shaped mass, of double rivetted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws and valves, all firmly based on four strongly made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the b'iler," says he, "arter I stopped working her yesterday, and it han't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first-rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when by pushing one slide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and pistons was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent. "You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel head, there—that small cog wheel? Well that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear, by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main traveling wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a little slower than chain lightnin', and a darned leetle too! But it won't do to give it a try, afore I get the patent.—There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I han't contrived—but that is a simple matter—the shortest mode of stopping on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you ——."

And with that, he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soft soap in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed abuz.

"It is nigh about perfection, aint it?" says Jabez.

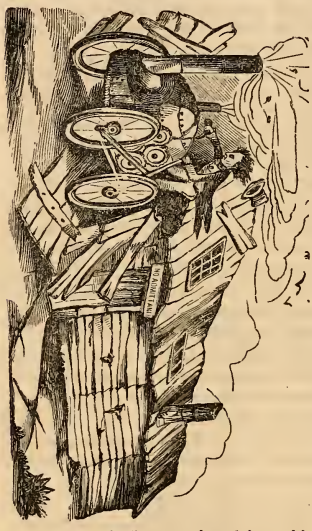
I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confessed I could not fully understand; and hence with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine, on four good sturdy, well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent, to authorize that small connecting cog wheel or trunnel head to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse shoes, and distance the mail coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me, when I saw the machine put in motion, and was now full orbed above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the key-hole' while Jabez was at work, and catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may at least divide the honors with my friend."

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above

the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" says he eagerly.

"Immortality!" says I; "and you shall have it, patent or no patent!" And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel head into the traveling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge.—The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the



"first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it did go, it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain lightnin',and a darned leetle too!"

> "Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
> Like an arrow," he flew away!

But a moment and he was here, in a moment he was there, and now where is he? or, rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."

The vile Moslem ridiculed the belief so religiously cherished by the Christian Don, that in all the bloody conflicts that laid the crescent low in the dust, St. Iago, on a white horse, led on to battle and secured triumph to the cross; but as this has now become matter of history, confirmed by the fact that on numerous occasions this identical "warrior saint" was distinctively seen pounding the Moors successfully and simultaneously, in battle scenes remote from each other, thus proving his identity by saintly ubiquity; so we may safely indulge the belief that the spirit, if not the actual body and bones of Jabez Doolittle, stands perched on every locomotive that may now be seen in every direction, threading its way at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to the total annihilation of space and time. The incredulous, like the Moors of old, may indulge their unbelief; but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action, that I do not also see Jabez there directing its course, as plain as I see the immortal Clinton in every canal boat, or the equally immortal Fulton in every steam boat.

Unfortunately, however, these, like Jabez Doolittle, started upon their career of glory without a patent; trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and now the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) indulge in the luxury that the "inventive genius" of their ancestors has secured to the age.

But my task is done. All I now ask is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by "back track" and "turn out," through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the projector and contriver of "the first locomotive," the immortal progenitor, "JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq.," nigh Wallingford, Connecticut.

Editor's Table.

Side Glance at the Nation.—Simultaneous with the advent of this Magazine before the public, will be ushered in a new political decade of the nation, in the inauguration of James Buchanan as President of the United States. It is no purpose of ours to discuss political questions with a partisan bias. If this Magazine shall have any influence, it will have the effect to allay political animosities, and to lead men to look upon great schemes of national policy and sectional improvement, through an enlarged and liberal comprehension of duties and future destiny. Our hope is, that while people shall learn to be vigilant in watching the trust committed to them as citizens, they will recognise the hand of Providence shaping the destiny of the Republic, and with wise counsel, and intelligent independent exercise of the rights of franchise, acquiesce with cheerfulness, and a hopeful spirit, in the expressed will of the majority.

President Buchanan has been elected to the office which he is about to fill, by the choice of a plurality of the votes of the nation, through a contest of much excitement, mingled with much bitterness of sectional feeling. He will of course be surrounded with many difficulties, with intriguing influences of professed friends and open opponents, and with such snares as entrap the feet of public men, and which heretofore have caused some in his position to stumble and fall. We may hope that he will live above these influences—that he will be truly what has been the vain boast of partisans, that he will not be the president of a party, nor of the North or the South, or the East or the West, but of the whole people. A President of the people is what the country needs. A noble career is open before him in a free path. With his inauguration he can inaugurate a new order in the political character of the nation, and as a consequence, a new direction to its apparent destiny. We know that the people of this country, those who vote upon both sides of the party line, long for a higher order of political action, and more exalted character to the Presidential line of policy. Honor present and prospective will be awarded to that independent President who will spurn all sectional and narrow-minded, personal scheming advisers, and restore the administration of government to the policy of the better days of the Republic. The Republic needs a Napoleon in Peace—a leader whose ambition shall be to distinguish himself before the world as a man of the age, of great and original projects for the public good, and for the true glory of the nation. That glory consists in its development and enlargement in accordance with the commercial and fraternal spirit of the age Napoleon was a great man, and his greatness consisted in understanding the character of the age in which he lived, its wants and its tastes. His warlike charater was the transcript of that age and its condition. Had he lived today, and in this republic, if he were as truly great, he would have been the projector and the executor of great plans of improvement. The Pacific Railroad would have been a Napoleonic idea. The valley of the West would be to him the theatre of his continental power. Every river made navigable, every railroad completed, every harbor made a sure haven—would have been great achievements to have magnified his glory. The Republic needs a man for its President who can fully comprehend the destiny of this nation, and the place that it will fill in the future ages—and who can read the estimate which those ages shall put upon the principles and the actions of the present; and whose greatness shall be the garnered hopes and aspirations of the far-seeing men of to-day. President Buchanan holds such a destiny in his hands. Will he be the man of the hour? the fated man of good to this Republic! Every patriot will cherish the hope. If he is not the man, that man liveth, and it is not the order of Providence, that this generation shall pass away and not find out the leader of its destiny.

The Chicago Mechanics' Institute.—This Institution for the past year has enjoyed a great degree of prosperity. By the report of the Board of Directors made at the close of the year, it is shown that the Institute has received in funds from all sources, the amount of $9,380 00, and expended in the same period $7,977 00, leaving in the treasury $1,303 00. The expenditures on account of the Fair exceeded the gross receipts; yet the Fair was a creditable exhibition to the city and country. The public will undoubtedly sustain these exhibitions, though it may be by con-

tributions outside of the ordinary receipts of the Society. Over $1,300 was expended for new books and library expenses. Eleven hundred and eighty-three volumes were added to the library by purchase, and about one thousand volumes by donation.

The Board acknowledge valuable donations of books from the following gentlemen and societies. Hon. J. H. Woodworth, for Congressional documents, and Com. Perry's Expedition to Japan. Hon. John Wentworth, for volumes of State papers, and Congressional documents, for the terms which he served in Congress, also the Iconographic Enclyclopedia, &c. John S. Wright, Esq., for a set of volumes of the Prairie Farmer, and a complete set of the Journal of the Franklin Institute—not yet delivered. Hon B. P. Johnson, for the Transactions of the State Agricultural Society of New York; and Hon. C. C. Flint, of the Agricultural Department of the State of Massachusetts, for books from his department. Volumes, also, from the Smithsonian Institute, and the United States Coast Survey and Indian Department.

They also acknowledge, with special gratitude, the receipt of several hundred volumes, in the French and German languages, on the subjects of Fine Arts, Science and Mechanics, from Mons. Vattemare, of the International Exchange, Paris.

In December last a very interesting and valuable course of lectures was delivered before the Institute by Dr. Boynton, on the science of Geology and Natural History. At the annual meeting, which occurred at the close of the course, the following resolutions, commendatory of Dr. Boynton's course, were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Chicago Mechanics' Institute is under great obligations to Dr. Boynton for his excellent course of lectures, on the subject of Geology, delivered before this Institute during the past month.

Resolved, That lectures before the public, upon the subjects of Geology, and other departments of Natural History, and Science, are demanded by the wants of the age; and the public should therefore encourage and patronize lectures upon these topics as well as those which are styled popular; and that as Dr. Boynton's style of treating his subject is clear, concise and interesting, doing full justice to the subject, and sustaining the expectations of his audience, we do most cheerfully recommend him to the public and to all kindred Societies, as an able and popular lecturer, whose services they will do well to secure.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston: published by E. LITTELL, SON & Co. Price $6,00 per annum.

Standing upon the shelves of the Library of the Chicago Mechanics' Institute are nearly fifty large and magnificently bound volumes, which attract universal attention. These are a complete set of Littell's Living Age. They are undoubtedly the most valuable set of books in this collection.

The Living Age is a very significant title. The publication which bears this name is a faithful daguerreotype of the times, in literature, politics and history—a transcript of the living age. It is more a compilation than an original production. Indeed, making it very much an original work would defeat the evident intent of the editor and the object of the work. It is, therefore, a selection of all the best articles which appear in every publication in England or America, on every topic which forms a part of the history of the times.—It contains the cream of the foreign magazines and all of the best articles which appear in the Quarterly Reviews. Indeed the Living Age is a substitute for the whole round of English monthly and quarterly publications, besides containing much other very interesting and valuable matter from other sources.

The back volumes of this work can now be purchased of the publishers, complete, bound in elegant and durable style for families and public libraries. As a large amount of capital is locked up in the stereotype plates they will very soon be melted up for type metal, when it will be impossible to procure perfect sets of these volumes. Every public library should have them. Money for reading matter could not be more economically expended, for in the volumes already printed there are probably more reprints of standard works, which must be obtained for every library of character, than could be purchased separately for double the amount of money that will purchase this work. We believe the copy in the Library of the Institute, and one other in a private library, are the only complete sets in this city. There are a number of colleges in the West, as well as other public libraries, which ought at once to obtain the Living Age, before it shall be forever too late from the destruction of its plates. All the assistance we can render to these institutions in procuring the work we will render cheerfully.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, by WM. ROBERTSON, D. D., with an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by Wm. H. Prescott. In three volumes.

Wm. H. Prescott has acquired great celebrity as a historian. He has selected the fantastic subject of Spanish history and conquests for his field of literary labor, and he has clothed his subjects with all the charms with which fancy has surrounded them. The present history is only made his by revision and editorship. Robertson is also a historian of very similar romantic qualifications. The appearance of these volumes in connection with Prescott's name gives them a new claim to public attention. His connection with the present edition is explained by himself as follows

"The life of Charles the Fifth subsequently to his abdication is disposed of by Dr. Robertson in some six or seven pages. It did not, in truth, come strictly within the author's plan, which proposed only a history of the reign of the Emperor. But unfortunately these few pages contain many inaccuracies, and among others, a very erroneous view of the interest which Charles, in his retirement, took in the concerns of the government. Yet it would be unjust to impute these inaccuracies to want of care in the historian, since he had no access to such authentic sources of information as would have enabled him to correct them. Such information was to be derived from documents in the archives of Simancas, consisting, among other things, of the original correspondence of the Emperor and his household, and showing conclusively that the monarch, instead of remaining dead to the world in his retreat, took not merely an interest, but a decided part, in the management of affairs. It was the knowledge of this fact which led the publishers of the present edition of Robertson's "Charles the Fifth" to request me to prepare such an account of his monastic life as might place before the reader the results of the recent researches in Simancas, and that in a more concise form—as better suited to the purpose for which it was designed—than had been adopted by preceding writers."

WIELAND, OR THE TRANSFORMATION.—By Charles Brockden Brown, with a Memoir of the Author. Philadelphia: M. Pollock.

This is the first novel written by Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist—who wrote an American book, and was a popular author, long before the British critic contemptuously asked, "Who reads an American book?" Wieland was first published in 1798, and gained for the author such a reputation as to encourage him to pursue the profession of a novelist, and within a few years after he wrote "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntley," "Clara Howard," "Jane Talbott," &c.

This publication, we understand, is the first of the series of his complete works. We hope it will be continued and the publisher sufficiently rewarded by a liberal patronage. In this reading age, the men of mind, of the early days of American literature, and their works, should hold their place against the trashy publications of the day. Mr. Brown's works, soon after their appearance in this country, attracted the attention of the British public, and he is as well known to-day in that country as in his own. His works are not without their merits, although deficient in unity and artistic finish. They are characterised by richness of language, force of expression, varied incidents, powerful emotion, and great invention. They must always be regarded as the initiatory of American fictitious literature.

CURRENT WESTERN EVENTS.

The two most important events of the past few weeks, to be entered upon record, are the intense cold and the great rains and floods which have extended throughout the West. These events are not sectional but have been prevalent throughout the whole country. The extreme cold weather which has been so general the past winter has attracted the attention of scientific men, and by comparison of the records of the degrees of temperature, it has been ascertained that, for a number of years, the winters in the aggregate have grown regularly colder. Facts are given, demonstrating this conclusion and various causes assigned. The railroads of the West were much interrupted in their business, as they have been two or three seasons past, by the deep snows, drifts, and intense cold.—In the first part of the month of February the weather changed from this low degree to one most decidedly in the melting mood, accompanied with warm showers and days of drenching rain, rapidly dissolving the large body of snow lying upon the ground and flooding all the country. Every water course was filled to overflowing, and much damage was done by the sweeping off of dams, bridges and other property. This flood was general in all parts of the country. Our railroads suffered considerably, and travel for some weeks was interrupted on some of the lines by the washing away of culverts and bridges. Chicago was threatened with another disaster to its shipping, like that which occurred in 1849. The river, however, soon cleared itself of the ice, happily without damage. The harbors on all the lake shore being thus free from obstruction, we have the promise of an early opening of navigation.

Lake Superior.—A matter of no little importance to the development of the West, and the prosperity of the nation, is the proposed formation of a new State, on the shore of Lake Superior, to be called Superior. This idea was suggested several years ago by the writer of this article, in communications to the New York Tribune, and some other newspapers. At the last session of the Legislature of Michigan, Mr. Sherman, the member from Ontonagon, presented a memorial from his constituents, praying for the cession of the Upper Peninsula, as the Lake Superior country is called, to the Government of the United States, for the purpose of forming a new State. Since then we understand that both the Legislatures of Wisconsin and Michigan have approved of and agreed to

the surrender of their respective shares of the territory required for the new State.—The matter will probably come before the next Congress, as a memorial on the subject is to be forwarded to Washington.—This inchoate State will comprise all the American territory bordering on Lake Superior in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It will include all the upper peninsula of Michigan, with its immense mineral resources, the northern part of Wisconsin and the northern corner of Minnesota. Some of the Wisconsin papers are so enthusiastic in favor of the project as to propose to cede all the northern part of the State from the forty-fifth parallel up. They say, very truly, that, if this territory were to be erected into a State, it would result in building up a great commercial emporium on the shores of the lake; that the present capitols of Michigan and Wisconsin are entirely too far from the remote settlers of the North, who, as they are thus shut up by themselves for four months in the year, should be allowed the privilege of adapting their political institutions to their circumstances. At present the territory referred to has not sufficient population to form a State, as it numbers only some 28,000; but it would be proper to erect it into a national territory, to be left to grow at its leisure into adult proportions.

Lake Superior, it is thought, will be open for navigation earlier than usual this season. The Superior Chronicle, of January 13th, says there was but little ice at that end of the lake, owing to the heavy gales, which destroyed the ice as fast as it was made.

Ontonagon is said to be improving very rapidly and the Miner thinks it destined to become the most important point on the lake shore. During 1856 some forty new buildings were erected — various streets graded and planked, and a large amount of real estate sold to actual settlers.

The Minnesota mine—fifteen miles from Ontonagon—shipped during the year ending January 1st, 1857, 3,718,403 pounds of copper. Of this amount only 255,854 lbs. was stamp work. The copper will probably be found of a high purity. There are now employed on the location, above and below ground, some five hundred and thirty-seven persons.

The Rockland, National, Nebraska, and other mines are also reported as raising large quantities of copper.

Great improvements have been made on the Ontonagon Harbor, and several new docks and piers erected.

All the mines are making prepartions to ship copper largely during the coming season, when "lively times" are expected.

Minnesota and Nebraska.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Omaha, says that a memorial has been circulated by the people of the West, praying for the organization of a new territory from that portion of Minnesota lying on the Missouri river, to be called Jefferson. The friends of the measure were preparing their petitions and other documents preparatory to presenting them to the next session of Congress, but an attempt is being made, as we apprehend, to forestall public attention on this subject. General Jones, senator from Iowa, is endeavoring to carry through, at the present session of Congress, a bill to cede that portion of Minnesota lying south of 43½ degrees of latitude and west of Iowa, to the State of Iowa. This the friends of the proposed new Territory are equally desirous of preventing. They wish to be heard before Congress by petition or otherwise. They are proposing a great national measure, no less than the erection of an embryo State.

Congress has taken the initiatory step for the admission of Minnesota as a State, which may conflict with the designs of the above memorial. The policy of Congress seems to be to make of the new territories States too large in extent, lest the power of the West shall be too greatly extended.

The question of removing the capitol of Minnesota from St. Paul to St. Peter is being agitated. A bill to this effect has already passed to a third reading in the Territorial Council. The latest report is that the bill has passed.

A correspondent of the Dubuque Tribune, writing from Nebraska, says: "Venison is plenty here at present, and sells for five cents a pound. I saw two or three in our door yard last Sunday, three on Monday and two on Tuesday. Yesterday the Otoes came in from a successful buffalo hunt. They have tons upon tons of the meat cured and preserved for future use.—They report the buffalo very fat this winter, and plenty.

The amount and value of trade and emigration to Minnesota may be learned from the following statements of the profits of the Mississippi river boats in that business. The Iowa Register says: "The Northern Belle, a Galena and St. Paul packet, cleared the past season $56,000—cost, new, $40,000. The Galena cleared $35,000—worth about $20,000, and other boats of the line in proportion."

Kansas.—This Territory yet continues to be the center point of general interest. Friends of free labor are sanguine of the ultimate success of free principles, and its admission as a Free State. There is every

prospect of a largely increased amount of emigration, this spring, from the free States.

Mr. Arny, from our city, connected with the National Free Kansas Commitee, has resigned his position as agent and has removed to Kansas. To facilitate emigration, Thadeus Hyatt, of the Kansas Committee, has determined to place two steamers upon the Kansas river, on the opening of navigation, to ply between Lawrence and Quindaro.

The Governor has fallen into collision with the so-called Border Ruffian agitators. He recommended a conciliatory course, and the repeal of the odious laws. But the Legislature paid no heed to his recommendations. Laws are passed of similar character, which meet with his veto, and then are passed over his head.

ILLINOIS.—The events of this State relate to the proceedings of the Legislature. We give a synopsis of the most important bills passed:

"*Illinois River Improvement Bill.*"—This Bill provides for the incorporation of a company whose object shall be the building of locks and dams, so as to produce slack water navigation in the Illinois River.—The company is to have a capital stock of $3,000,000 to be divided into shares of $100 each. They are to begin the work within two years, and have seven years to complete it. There are to be six feet of water in the channel and locks must be 300 feet long. Not more than fifteen per. cent. of tolls on the cost of the work are to be levied.

"*Amendment to the Banking Law.*"—This Bill provides that all bonds shall be received at ten per cent. less than the New York value, as the basis of banking in the State; that when notes are presented to a bank for redemption, the redemption shall be instant, and in gold; that bank notes may be protested in the aggregate; that banks shall do business at the places where they are established, and that no bank shall be established at any place not having at least 500 inhabitants; that no bank shall be organized without an actual cash capital of $50,000 paid up; and that banking capital be taxed the same as other capital.

"*Bill to Fund the Interest of the State Debt.*"—This Bill makes Illinois an interest paying State. It provides that the unpaid interest of the State debt, wherever it amounts to one thousand dollars, that bonds shall be issued to the parties to whom it is due—these bonds paying interest. The amount of the interest thus funded is $3,000,000.

"*Bill Legalising Ten Per Centum Interest.*"—This Bill provides that ten per centum may be legally demanded as interest.

"*State Normal University Bill.*"—This Bill provides for the establishment of a State Normal University, to be permanently located by a Board appointed by the Senate, for the purpose of qualifying teachears for the Common Schools of our State; that the students are to be selected by the School Commissioners and County Judges, one from each county and one in addition from each representative district—said students to receive instructions gratuitously.

WISCONSIN.—Hon. James R. Doolittle has been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin by a more than two-thirds vote of the Legislature. He is a native of New York, being born and bred at Warsaw, Wyoming county. Until 1848 he was a Democrat. In that year he joined the Free Soil party. In 1850 he emigrated to Wisconsin, and was shortly called to the bench of that State. He is a strong Republican, an eloquent speaker, and a man of talent.

Wisconsin is one of the most prosperous States of the Union. Its people are not undmindful of their responsibilities and opportunities. Our brief record will not allow us to particularise the events of the past few months. The impulse of the State is onward. It will receive, the coming season, its share of emigration, and its present citizens will do justice to themselves by increasing zeal for permanent improvement, both of a private and public character.

MICHIGAN.—The Legislature has passed a general banking law, on the stock security system. It has elected Mr. Chandler, of Detriot, United States Senator in place of Gen. Cass. Congress, at a late day, has at last moved in the matter of improving the navigation over the St. Clair Flats. In a letter from Gen. Cass, dated February 15th, it is stated that an arrangement is about to be made which will ensure the opening of a channel over the St. Clair Flats, in the course of the coming season. A proposition has been made to the War Department to excavate a channel 250 feet broad and thirteen feet deep. The Secretary of War has accepted of the plan proposed, and $45,000 are appropriated for the purpose.

The Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad paid, in February, a semi-annual dividend of five per cent.

The net profits for the half year are equal to 6½ per cent. on the entire capital. After paying the above dividend the company have a surplus of over one hundred thousand dollars.

Gross Earnings in 1855,	$2,592,950
" " 1856,	2,700,000

Net earnings, 18 per cent. for the year.

CHICAGO — HER POPULATION — POSITION — COMMERCE — MANUFACTURES AND BUILDING.

From 1840 to 1850 Chicago increased from 4,479 to 29,963. This is nearly equal to a duplication each three and a half years. From 1850, to July, 1854, she increased (in round numbers) from 30,000 to 66,000, showing about the same rate of increase as before; which continued to 1869, would give this city over a million inhabitants. Her population now, at the beginning of 1857, is estimated at 110,000. This result would seem incredible to those who have not looked well into the elements which have produced it. Look at her location. An old writer on political economy has said, that a great city must be founded on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures. Chicago has all these elements, the first two in a remarkable degree. In Commerce she has not a rival in the West, and in the manufacture of some articles, as wagons, reapers, and other fabrics mostly of wooden manufacture, she is outdone by no other city. And as machinery for one branch of manufactures flourishes best, near to machinery for other and different branches, there being needful co-operation which requires proximity, the great aggregate of branches of manufacture will also flourish here, and are already swelling this commercial city to an unwonted growth.

The Agricultural resources of Chicago can not be disputed; she has the advantage of all other Lake cities in position with regard to the centre of fertile territory, and having an easier connection with the Mississippi river. It has been said that 700,000 square miles of Western territory is or will be partially tributary to her. At present, or until recently, only an average of one hundred and fifty miles South, and an equal amount North by some three hundred West, has been calculated on as agricultural resources to feed this city; but though not much over one acre in a hundred of even this territory is yet cultivated; its numerous farmers are more than sufficient for the production of food and raw material for the supply of its towns and cities, and even the whole world scarcely affords a sufficient market. The chief city of the Lakes must be where the commerce of water channels is greatest, and where railroads concentrate; for the cost of transportation by water is but a fraction of that by the best railroad. For long distances, on the lakes, it scarcely exceeds one-eight, and on good canals, one-third. Chicago possesses these advantages above every other city—she unites the greatest length of Lake commerce, with the convergence of the greatest number and extent of railroads; while the Illinois and Michigan Canal, one hundred miles long, gives her a cheap water connection with the Illinois river navigation, and by that channel with the Mississippi. By means of this canal, and numerous railroads parallel with it, Chicago holds the keys of the commerce, soon to become immense, between the "Father of Waters," the rich country beyond it, and the Great Lakes of the continent. By this, she commands the heavy freights exchanged between the great river region below the mouth of the Illinois and the two greatest lakes, Michigan and Superior, with Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. This, too, is the point of convergence for the railroads that, from the gulf cities seek exchanges with the cities of the lakes. She possesses more than any other city, the passage traffic to and from the East.

Already is Chicago the greatest primary gathering and distributing port on the lakes or in the world. The products of the vast country tributary to her are poured by canal, railroad and lake into the warehouses of our merchants, and the factories of her mechanics, as we shall demonstrate. Her receipts of Fish for 1856, mostly of the lakes, amount to some 16,000 barrels; these are equaled in delicacy of flavor by none other, and will yet form a far more considerable article of commerce, and be distributed from this point over all the Mississippi plains. But Lumber is the item of greatest importance of Chicago's lake receipts. South of Chicago the white pine does not grow; North of it, on all the great lakes, bays and rivers, the pineries are sufficient for all time. The receipts of lumber here for the past season, according to the custom house books, is near five hundred millions of feet, and shingles, laths, posts and square timber have been received in proportion. The extensive building carried on here last season, required a large portion of this; but Chicago possesses, by means of her canals and railroads, the best of channels for carrying it to the country and towns South and West on the grand prairies, where it is most needed. No large amount is now in the yards, prices are firmly maintained, and the prospects for an increased trade next season are good, large supplies being expected from here, for St. Louis, Northern Indiana and a large portion of Illinois, Iowa and portions of Missouri and Kansas. Coal is also received here by lake from Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo and other lake ports, derived from Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, for use in Chicago, and to some extent for distribution inland. The receipts yet for any season have not quite reached 100,000 tons, but are likely to increase to millions. Her permanent and principal supply of bituminous coal must come from Illinois coal beds. The surface of this State underlaid with coal is

greater than that of any other State, and the eastern out-crop of this coal field is only about sixty miles by railroad and canal from Chicago. It is, consequently, brought to this city both by canal and railroad directly from the bed. We are only beginning to realize the true importance of this feature of the mineral wealth of Chicago and of Illinois. And although an inadequate supply of this article has been experienced this season, as compared to the demand, and, in consequence, extra high prices prevail at present; and though, owing to the rapidly increasing consumption, we cannot expect any material reduction in prices until the coal fields on the canal and railroads are more extensively worked, it is a settled point that Chicago will in time be supplied with fuel at a rate about as cheap as cities on the rivers, South or on the Atlantic. The best quality of bituminous coal, known as Bryer Hill and Erie, is now selling at $10 per ton at the yards; these qualities are usually sold here at $6 to $8; Illinois coal is retailing at $6 50 to $7 50 per ton at the yards; half this sum, with capital and good management, would be remunerating to dealers. The business of coal mining in Illinois is yet in its infancy, but the proprietors of the coal lands are now fast becoming aware of their great value and importance. SALT is also a considerable item among the imports by lake. Foreign salt, for packing is brought here in large quantities through Canada; and fine, coarse and dairy salt in great abundance reach here from Syracuse, in vessels which seek this port for grain freights down the lakes. Less Beef and Pork being packed here this season than was anticipated, an over supply of coarse and foreign salt is on the market. New York coarse salt can be had at from $2, to $2,25c per package of 320 pounds, depending on the quantity. Fine salt varies but little during the year from $2 per barrel, and is always abundant. The St. Yubes and Lisbon salt, for packing, costs now about 45c for 78 pounds, and the Cadiz 40 to 45c, while the Liverpool is $1 60 per bag of 200 pounds; dairy is 16c per 14 pound sack. Receipts of SUGAR, MOLASSES, COFFEE and other groceries at this point from the East by lake, and from the South by the Mississippi river, and thence by the Illinois river and Rock Island railroad, or by the Central railroad from Cairo, for the last year were very great; but statistical tables of their value or amount cannot be given with any accuracy, nor have we any room for them if they could be formed. But Dry Goods and general merchandise comprise the far greater portion of our imports; the quantity of this, however, is very indefinite, being given on the custom house books in "packages," generally, not specified in any definite manner.

Of the numerous valuable commodities embraced under the general head of Western produce, exported from this city, we have space only for a brief notice. The statistics for the season show the exports of Flour for 1856 from this port to be 206,481 barrels; of wheat 8,262,475 bushels, and 10,032,405 bushels of corn, or in all, (reducing flour to its equivalent in wheat) over 20,000,000 bushels. All this immense quantity of breadstuffs, too, was of good quality, and disposed of at prices highly remunerative to the farmer. That there will be a material increase of the exports next season there is not a doubt. The capacity of the elevators for storing grain in this city is about four and a half millions of bushels. At present only some half a million of bushels of grain is stored here, and some 10,000 barrels of flour. During the first month of the present year prices ruled low, and receipts and sales were unusually light. Thus far in February, WHEAT receipts have gradually increased, prices closing at 87 to 88c per bushel for spring wheat in store, and $1 to $1 13c for red winter, while the range of superfine and extra spring and winter wheat FLOUR is from $4 75 to $6 per barrel; very choice and city mills extra bringing $6 75. The average price for the past year has been very high; that for CORN was low, but prospects are fair for full prices the coming season; sales of a few cargoes of corn have already been made for spring delivery at 43 to 45c per bushel, half cash down, and 43c is the lowest at which it could be had now on board. BARLEY ranged at between 75c and $1 55c per bushel, closing at the latter figure, with a good demand, the increased consumption of this article calling for considerable imports from New York and Canada. OATS also have had a wide range, closing with a scarcity at 37½c per bushel. As a BEEF and PORK market Chichago is excelled by no other city. Neither the supply nor the demand for beef, usual in this market was experienced the past packing season; light stocks of barreled beef consequently exist, at $12 to $14 per barrel. Pork has been well maintained, and rates for hogs have ruled high throughout the country, but higher here than at any western mart at the close. The total receipts at this point for the season will not be ascertained for a month yet. The quantity of Mess Pork in the country is small, and in but few hands, held at $20 to $21 per barrel; prime $17, and Lard scarce at 11½ to 12c per pound. All agree that the Hog crop is short of the wants of the country.

By way of summing up the few facts

presented, in regard to our city's commerce; we will remark that everything is encouraging; the few individual reverses that have been experienced among grain, pork and beef dealers and shippers have served to lead to the correction of abuses, which in due time will insure a more healthy action. The basis of our great interests is strong. The agricultural and mechanical interests are prosperous. For several successive years good crops and full prices have been realized, and the prospect is good for fine crops, and, at least remunerative prices for the coming season. This will insure a fair trade in general merchandise and groceries.

Chicago, more than any other city, by the late reciprocity treaty, has had opened to her, the new and great source of prosperity; in a free trade with the Canadas and an unobstructed navigation to the ocean. Her harbor has at all times the Flag of the Canadas floating in it, and the shipments from here of flour and grain in Canadian bottoms, alone, is very considerable, while last season upwards of seventeen millions of feet of lumber, besides salt and other articles were received here in the same vessels from Canada, and both these exports and imports are constantly increasing.

The Manufactures of Chicago, so far as made known, for the past season, show clearly the tendency of this branch to concentrate where commerce has fixed its seat. How stands Chicago as to raw materials for manufacture? Stone, timber, iron, copper, lead, cotton, wool, &c., will abound and be easily centered here. Beautiful marble, and easily wrought free-stone, are found in extensive quarries on the canal near this, and so is every other essential raw material, of good quality, near at hand, and deliverable at our wharves at a low price. It is not within the province of this reviewing article to enter minutely into the various departments of industry followed here; sufficiently accurate statistics of the amount of capital invested, the number of men employed, the value of manufactures turned out, and the quantity of raw material used in their production, cannot be obtained; but it may be stated in general terms that the increase in the last year is highly favorable, and that an energy is exhibited worthy of the importance of this arm of our resources. The machinists of Chicago, in the department of steam works, enjoy a high and enviable reputation throughout the West. The same may be said of manufactures in the department of agricultural implements, carriage, omnibus and wagon making, stoves and castings, wooden-ware, and of other branches. The manufacture of chairs and cabinet ware of all descriptions has long been a great feature of the industrial department of Chicago, and the value of the furniture manufactured here is very large, although the eastern cities still find a market here for a great deal of work in this line. The manufacture of Sash, Doors and Blinds has many establishments engaged in it, and recently steam planing machines have wonderfully increased in number.

New branches of manufactures, too, are continually arising. The further and future development of the mineral region with which Chicago is connected by lake, and will be by railroad, will cause the establishment here of other and heavier branches of industry, as glass and nail factories, smelting and rolling mills, etc. And what Chicago is, as a manufacturing city, is nothing to what she must become, when railroads penetrating the copper and iron districts of the North, and coal of the South, will have made coal, iron, copper and zinc as common and accessible as lumber has been heretofore. Already, with her vigor-giving climate, abundant food and cheap channels of transport, Chicago is a perfect hive of commercial and manufacturing industry.

No other city in the world, probably, can show the amount of building which was carried on in Chicago in 1856. Notwithstanding the great activity in this line in 1855, the demand for dwellings and business houses last season was far in advance of that activity. And as the busy season of spring opens, every building will be occupied, and "To Rent" will seldom ever be seen upon doors, or in the advertising columns of the papers, but much oftener the words "Wanted to Rent." The requisite materials, too, was found quite sufficient; and notwithstanding the very heavy demand that existed throughout the whole building season last year, the stock of lumber was equally heavy, brick were manufactured almost by the hundred million, and stone, iron, lime, slate and other materials were furnished in abundance. A marked improvement in the style, finish, and extent of dwellings, store-houses and public edifices, was observable; the residences are palatial, the churches extensive and highly architectural, while some of the iron-front storehouses are unequalled in beauty and extent of frontage by any iron buildings on the continent, and they are built as if to last for ever. The aggregate value of the buildings for 1856 is between eight and ten million of dollars.

The foregoing speculations have not the unity of design nor the completeness of execution which is desirable; but they will be suggestive, and it is hoped will show what Chicago is—whither she is going, and, imperfectly, what she is to be.